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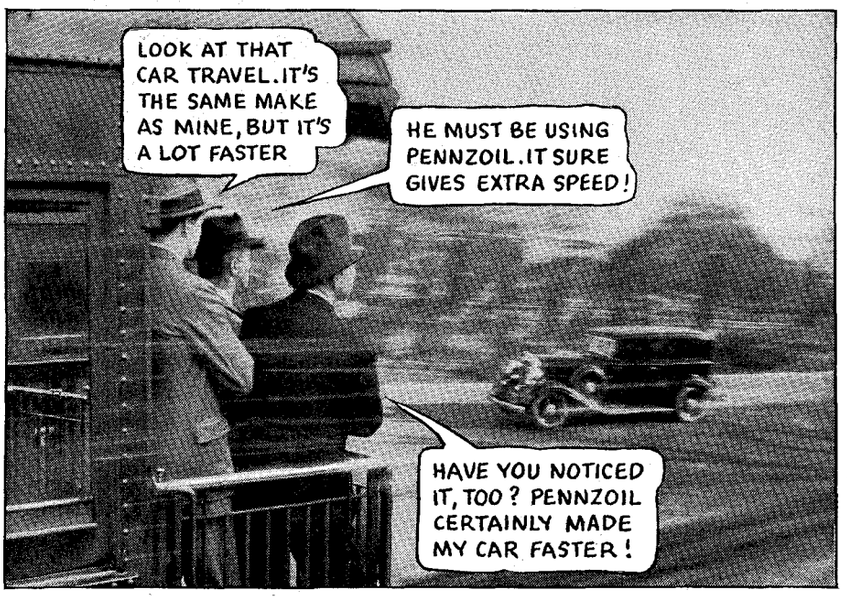
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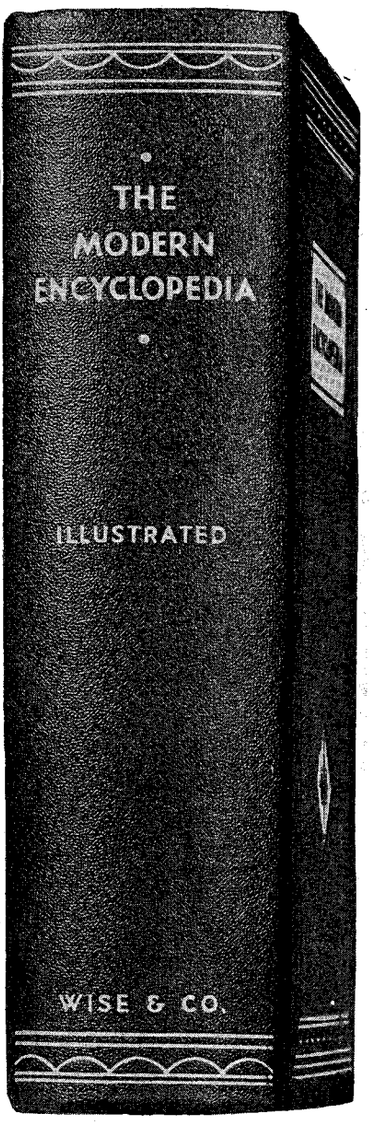

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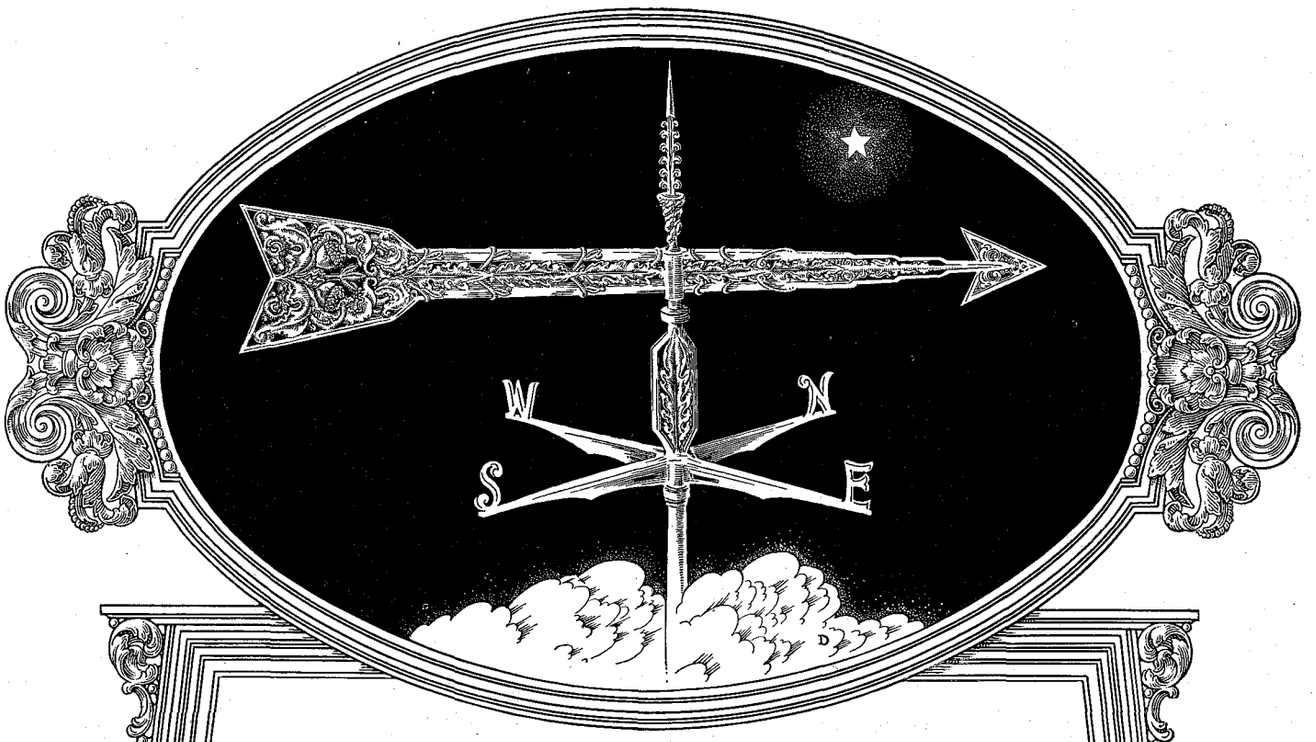

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NEW YORK The Literary Digest March 17, 1934

Tennessee Valley, a Prevision of Utopia

Revivifying the Psychology of an Ancient People Will Be Paced by America's Most Gigantic Technical Task

By Chester T. Crowell

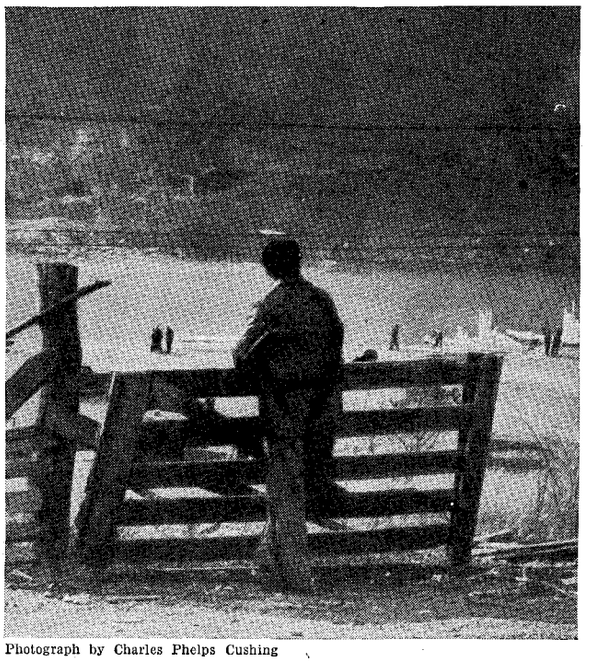
IN size and scope of the task, nothing comparable to the rehabilitation of the Tennessee River valley has ever before been undertaken by a national Government. The territory affected is roughly seven hundred miles in length and about fifty miles wide. It includes the great hydro-electric development at Muscle Shoals together with other sites for dams, the largest of which will be the Norris Dam at Cove Creek. More than one million inhabitants of the valley are affected directly and another million or more, either in the territory or quite near it, less directly.

This valley is not what the West or Southwest would call sparsely settled. It runs through the seven States of Alabama, Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, Georgia, North Carolina and Mississippi. All are old States that have played their part in our national history from the beginning, whether part of the original thirteen or not. The valley of the Tennessee was familiar territory to Sam Houston, Davy Crockett and Daniel Boone. Out of it came many other intrepid men and women to play heroic rôles in the winning and welding of our continental empire. In that fact is the beginning of the problem now being tackled by the Tennessee Valley Authority, recently created by President Franklin D. Roosevelt.

Where Nothing Happened

In spite of vast natural resources and water power beyond a New Englander's wildest dreams, the valley became a quiescent backwater, a place where nothing tremendously important has happened while Pittsburgh and Detroit became familiar names to all the world. St. Louis and Chicago and Youngstown and Cleveland roared forward in the vanguard of the new machine age of mass-production while the Tennessee Valley dozed in the beautiful sunshine, and either failed to notice or gave the most casual attention to the fact that soil erosion was turning its marvelous scenery into a desert waste where fewer and fewer people could make less and less satisfactory crops.

Through this territory a cripple from New York State used to ride on his way to Warm Springs, Georgia, to bathe in the medicinal spring water there in the hope of regaining the use of his lower limbs. He had been stricken by infantile paralysis after having served as Assistant Secretary of the Navy during the World War and running for Vice-President of the United States in the election of 1920. His political career seemed to be at an end, but he knew his American history and he knew the part these people had played in it. They are of pure old English, Irish and Scotch stock. He remarked more than once that if he ever had the chance he would do something to help them recover their rightful place. That man was Franklin D. Roosevelt, now President of the United States. In creating the Tennessee Valley Authority he not only allotted it fifty millions of dollars with which to begin work, but completely isolated from political interference and named as its directors two college presidents and a distinguished attorney who had been the close adviser and lieutenant of the La Follettes of Wisconsin in their epic battles with the electric light and power utilities. They report only to him and to Congress.



Photograph by Charles Phelps Cushing

A native looks on as the valley awakens—in background work begins at the site of the Norris Dam

Dr. Arthur E. Morgan, chairman of the Tennessee Valley Authority and former president of Antioch College, will hold office until 1942; Dr. Harcourt A. Morgan, former president of the University of Tennessee, will hold office until 1939; and David E. Lilienthal, until 1936. Thereafter the appointments will be made for nine-year terms.

This is the picture and the background; now let us see what these men have undertaken to do.

First of all, they are getting the work started on the Norris Dam at Cove Creek. That is estimated to be about a four-year job. To the greatest extent possible they will employ the people of the Tennessee Valley. A whole city must be constructed to house these workers. Since it is highly probable that there will be need for the city even after the construction of the dam is completed, the planning of it is in the hands of experts. It will not be a shack-town. From birth it will have decent sanitation, orderly streets, proper reservation of space for parks and adequate public buildings. Its one thousand homes are to be substantial and pleasing in appearance. This task is entrusted to Earle Sumner Draper, director of Land Planning and Housing, who has planned and laid out dozens of such industrial communities, some of the most notable being the Chicopee Manufacturing Company's development at Chicopee, Georgia, the Sayles-Biltmore Bleacheries at Biltmore, North Carolina, the Erlanger Mills at Lexington, North Carolina, the West Point Manufacturing Company development at West Point, Georgia, and the developments of the Goodyear and Goodrich companies at Gadsden, Alabama.

Another Problem

While the work on the Norris Dam and the new city nearby are under way the equally important job of attacking soil erosion will proceed. With the soil washing down into the river torrent at its present rate the dam would soon be a mere terrace to gather silt behind it. Eventually it would not be a dam at all, but a mere wall from which one could step off into the river mud

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on the upper side. Twenty-five Civilian Conservation Corps camps will be established along the watersheds above the Norris Dam. The plans call for not less than 5,000 young men to engage in planting trees and building terraces across the gullies. In the drainage area of the Clinch River alone 25,000 acres of denuded lands are to be reforested.

Probably some of the denuded lands will be purchased by the Valley Authority; it has the right of eminent domain; but where the owners are willing, the work will be done on private property. The plan is to dislocate no more people than is necessary. An extensive campaign of education will be undertaken to show the farmers how to protect their lands from erosion by terracing and what is called strip-farming, that is planting strips of hay, wheat and lespedeza between the rows of the prevalent corn, tobacco and cotton. Close-growing crops stop the washing away of the soil.

Valuable Lesson

This is really a national problem and the vast experiment now about to be made would teach valuable lessons on the preservation of hillside farms elsewhere. H. H. Bennett, of the Bureau of Chemistry and Soils of the U. S. Department of Agriculture, who has been making a survey of the Tennessee Valley, reports that one rainstorm on a farm on which he had made a careful measurement washed away the soil at the rate of thirty-nine tons to the acre. Of the two million acres that will feed the reservoir of the Norris Dam 445,000 acres are already washed so bare that they are regarded as permanently destroyed for agricultural use. Fortunately about 60 per cent. of the watershed is still in forest and about 300,000 acres of cultivated land can be saved. The people of the Valley are not unmindful of the destruction going on, but without help they have no remedy. One farmer who was clearing a steep hillside of trees was asked if he thought he would have the use of the cleared ground permanently. "No," he said, "I give it about three years. Then I'll clear the hillside over there," pointing, "What else can I do?"

There are a great many things that these people can do with a little technical help, a little capital, and a little instruction, besides cutting the trees off land that will grow crops only three or four or five years before it washes away. To give this technical help and instruction is also part of the gigantic task of the Tennessee Valley Authority. That part of the job is still in the minds of the directors, but it will be taking definite form within a few months. Teaching is their life work and being technically trained men they know where to go for help. They feel, as many thousands of other thoughtful men do nowadays, that mass production has gotten out of hand; that it can not be adequately controlled. They are looking toward the building up of many small industries closely linked with the soil. These people are to find a way to work in the shop and factory part of the time and on the soil part of the time. To the greatest extent possible they will be working on their own soil and in small factories blessed with cheap electric power from the great hydro-electric plants. They will also have cheap fertilizer produced in the nitrate-fixing plants served by this same cheap power.

This raises quite naturally the question as to what natural resources they have to work with. Well, the list is more than imposing, it is staggering. The Tennessee Valley affords: asbestos, asphalt rock, bauxite, barytes, bituminous limestone, brown iron ore, cement materials, coal, copper, dolomite, fluorspar, graphite, hematite, lead lime, lime rock asphalt, limonite, limestone, manganese, mica, ochre (red, brown, and yellow), tripoli, umber, zinc, gold, peat, pyrites, phosphate rock, rotten stone, glass sand, sand rock asphalt, and shales.

Why It Is Undeveloped

When you read a list such as that you must wonder, as I did, why the Tennessee Valley isn't already the industrial center of the nation. Even if its own people didn't lead in the use of all these resources, why were they not found by outsiders? Well, they were found by both the Valley people and the outsiders, but they were not always in the right quantity for vast mass production to which we have committed ourselves during the past quarter-century. Also, some of these materials are not of the precise quality and grade wanted by the ship load or train load.

With modern transportation what it has become, especially since the World War, it would be easier and cheaper to bring precisely what you need from Siberia in shiploads than to take just what you could get in small quantities from the Tennessee Valley. But these raw materials are all usable in a self-contained community of small industries living to serve the surrounding agriculturists. This is the direction in which the Valley Authority is pointing its course. Before very long we shall probably hear that it is seeking the cooperation of M. L. Wilson, of the U. S. Department of the Interior, who is directing the plan for settling vast numbers of people on the land as subsistence farmers, not interested in the Liverpool quotations on wheat and cotton.

Photograph by Charles Phelps Cushing

Time out for lunch at the Norris Dam Site. Most of the workmen are from the surrounding hills

Native Handicrafts

In the Tennessee Valley there are still numerous native handicrafts and arts that are not lost and these are to receive encouragement. Already they are receiving protection. For example, those people weave woolen goods of marvelous quality and they are to be protected henceforth against the competition of goods produced in factories elsewhere and shipped there to be offered as native workmanship.

If it is true that this country is now ready for the decentralization of numerous of its useful industries, then this vast experiment will have tremendous importance. The outcome can not possibly be known for four or five years; ten would be a fairer test.

In the interim, however, the hydro-electric plants will serve two other great missions. First, they will lay the basis for experiments with fertilizers never before afforded American scientists. Next, the cheap power produced in a non-profit-making plant will furnish a yard-stick for measuring the cost of electricity throughout the country. Without this yard-stick there is nothing except the books and testimony of the privately-owned public utilities. Already the experts of the Tennessee Valley Authority have thrown a bomb-shell into the utilities field by their preliminary estimates of the prices at which they can supply electricity in wholesale quantities.

On the day their announcement was made the stocks of the larger electric utilities listed on the New York Stock Exchange registered a sensational decline. Shortly thereafter Knoxville, Tennessee, voted 2 to 1 for a municipal system to distribute power obtained from the Tennessee Valley hydro-electric plants. Other cities and towns will soon be following the same course.

As part of this phase of the experiment applications have been coming more rapidly to the Federal Director of Public Works for allotments from the $3,300,000,000 available, to build other great dams and hydro-electric plants on other rivers, among them the Columbia River on the other side of the continent. With this is a deluge of requests for public works funds to take over local electric light and power plants to be operated henceforth by municipal governments.

Naturally, one may be sure, the great utilities corporations and holding companies are not going to

(Continued on page 36)

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NRA—1934 Model—Takes Shape

Employ More People at "Purchasing Wages" Now, President Roosevelt Urged as He Told Conference of Code Authorities That the Emergency Measure Must Be Permanent

THE "field day" for NRA critics changed quickly into a laboratory where the designers of the 1934 model put their heads together in long and serious constructive conferences. General Johnson had already enunciated his twelve-point program for improving NRA and he divided up the 4,250 code authority representatives in Washington into five groups to study respectively problems involving labor, prices, production, code enforcement and amendment, and the predicament of the small business.

President Roosevelt came in person to give their deliberations the Presidential blessing. After a word to his critics suggesting that they be constructive, and decrying discoveries of an Administration trend toward Fascism or dictatorship, the President observed that the mass of NRA criticism has been concerned with details and not with the Recovery Act itself or the principle behind it. In this, he added, "we should feel encouraged that we are on the right track and can go forward."

The first objective in this forward move, declared the President, is to create consuming power. The code conferees were reminded that "the bulk of the market for American industry is among the 90 per cent. of our people who live on wages and salaries and only 10 per cent. of that market is among people who live on profits alone." With so many of our people in actual distress, "as between profits first and humanity afterwards, and humanity first and profit afterwards, we have no room for hesitation."

The Immediate Task

The President stated emphatically: "it is the immediate task of industry to employ more people at purchasing wages and to do it now." And theretofore the business men present were told that the main object of their deliberations should be how to cooperate "to secure increase in wages and shortening of hours." The President pointed out that the Government could not absorb the whole burden of unemployment. Industry must do its part, and in the rare cases where there is not compliance with the NRA the Government, said the President, will move "firmly and promptly to prevent failure."

A significant statement toward the end of the address—one of the longest Mr. Roosevelt has made while in office—was that the present reorganization program while created for an emergency "must be permanent for all the rest of our lives."

The next notable statement to come out of the Washington conference was the report of the NRA Consumers Advisory Board, which found that NRA efforts to increase purchasing power have been very largely nullified by excessive price increases. A number of codes were cited under which price increases were alleged to be greater than could possibly be justified by increased wage costs.

A third notable utterance was a speech by General Johnson in which he apparently took a definite stand against the company union, stating that there was no law against such a union "if the men freely choose it." But, said the General, "Ninety-nine times

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Putting Him in His Place

—Hanny in the Philadelphia *Inquirer*

out of 100 you and I know that this is not the case. Let's not kid ourselves." The General then rearranged the conference by appointing separate committees of representatives of consumers' goods industries (making the things bought and used by the public) and representatives of capital goods industries (those making things used by manufacturers and processors).

Difficult Problems

As the conferences continue in Washington with less ballyhoo and publicity, it is fairly easy to see what the chief problems are. Stated very simply, while wages must be kept up, prices must be kept low enough to encourage consumption, and here is an almost insoluble problem. It seems to be well agreed that there can be no arbitrary blanket requirements in connection with wages, prices or hours, altho Congress is considering a mandatory 30-hour week for all industry. General Johnson would like to see minimum wages increased by about 10 per cent. in the present code figures and maximum hours decreased by the same percentage. This would seem to be fairly practicable in the case of most consumer industries, especially in the needle trades, the textile trades and the automobile industry.

But in the capital goods industries, the so-called heavy industries, which are responsible for the bulk of the unemployment, any such changes are declared to be practically impossible. Representatives of these industries insist that they should be given better credit facilities, perhaps along the line of the plan now being considered by the Government for meeting needs of the industrialists which can not be met either by the ordinary commercial banks on the one hand and the investment bankers on the other who are accustomed to deal in millions. It would also help to liberalize the Securities Act to make borrowing easier.

The problem of the small business has been taken care of for the present by the appointment of a special committee headed by Clarence Darrow. Compliance Director William H. Davis is making a special investigation of company unions. Certain particularly troublesome cases of violation of NRA regulations are to be turned over to the Department of Justice. This is to be part of a great enforcement drive to meet complaints—like that of Mrs. Gifford Pinchot—that the NRA has been too lax.

What is being done at Washington is a refining of the NRA. In the words of the Boston *Transcript*, "it promises to be a long, tedious but very much worthwhile task." The Washington *News* welcomes the rebirth in NRA of "the high spirit of endeavor" in which it was launched.

But the Chicago *Daily News*, flatly declaring that NRA has not worked, declares that it should be officially characterized as a temporary emergency measure and that the codes should be limited to a few industries that really need them.

New Unrest in Cuba

Soldiers, Cuban marines and police patrolled the streets of Havana when President Carlos Mendieta on March 9 completed drastic measures to settle the strikes that were paralyzing the city. All strikes, a high official said, would be broken "with full Army protection" if arbitration failed. The port workers at Havana were on strike. Without warning 1,200 employees of the American-owned $28,000,000 Cuban Telephone Company walked out leaving 33,000 telephones silent in Havana and more than 6,000 in the interior of the island. Before walking out, a Havana correspondent of the New York *Herald Tribune* reported, the telephone workers damaged the system to such an extent that officials declared full service could not be restored for days. The strikes have been instigated by Communists in Cuba, alleged this correspondent, who listed also among the strikers about 50,000 tobacco workers, 10,000 delivery men and a number of commercial employees.

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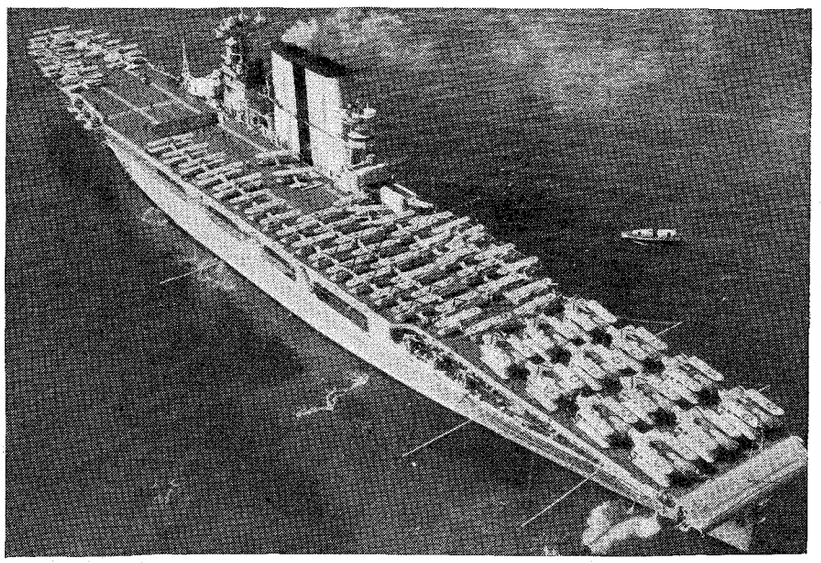
An International Armament Free-For-All?

Not since the World War had the Congress enacted a naval construction measure of such magnitude as the Vinson Replacement Bill, the adoption of which by the Senate has made talk all over the world.

Of course the world knew about it in advance, as it had been widely discussed and had gone through the House with flying colors. With the hearty approval of President Roosevelt it aims at raising the United States Navy to the full quota of strength sanctioned by the Washington and London agreements, thus somewhat tardily following the example of Great Britain and Japan.



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The *Saratoga*, one of our present air-plane carriers. A new and more efficient type is called for in the Vinson Bill

The construction of replacements called for by the Vinson Bill may cost up to $750,000,000, according to Washington's "big Navy" men, or as high as $1,000,000,000, according to the "little Navy" group. The question of expense did not carry much weight with the Senate when it adopted the bill by a vote of 65 to 18.

On the same day came the announcement from London that British naval estimates for this year amounted to $286,143,000, the largest since 1928, and included the building of four cruisers, nine destroyers, one aircraft carrier and three submarines.

Two days later came a United Press dispatch from Tokyo quoting Admiral Osumi, Minister of Marine, to the effect that the passage of the Vinson Bill would oblige Japan to build additional warships. A wireless on the same topic to the New York *Times* indicated that Japan was preparing to claim a 70 per cent. ratio in place of her 60 per cent. under the 5-5-3 formula of the existing naval treaties.

Incidentally the French put forward a naval building program of roughly $59,000,000, to include the construction of a 26,000-ton cruiser on the same lines as the *Dunkerque*, now building, and some smaller craft, all designed as "an answer to the 10,000-ton pocket battleships of Germany."

Whereupon the Rome *Giornale d'Italia* began to prod Italy into a naval race with France, where the naval building was already being pushed without the formality of parliamentary sanction.

The international armament free-for-all, indicating a general abandonment of whatever faith might have survived in conference agreements as safeguards for national security, shifted from the sea to the air when Stanley Baldwin, Lord President of the Council, told the House of Commons that if the nations failed to agree upon some form of parity in aerial armament, "the British Government will see to it that in air-power this country will no longer be in a position of inferiority to any country within striking distance of our shores."

This sketchy review of the fear-haunted international scene affords a striking background for the Vinson Bill, which authorizes the President to undertake the construction of these additions to the United States Navy:

One 15,000-ton air-plane carrier to replace the *Langley*.

Unspecified number of destroyers, of aggregate 99,200 tonnage to replace over-age craft.

Submarines for replacement, aggregating 35,530 tons.

Aircraft "in numbers commensurate with a treaty Navy."

Contractors are limited to net profits of 10 per cent., and must open their records for inspection at any time.

The original cost estimate for the above naval building was $380,329,250, but increased wages and prices of materials under the Government's recovery policy will greatly increase the expense.

President's Air-Mail Proposal Stirs New Debate

President Roosevelt's plan for returning the air-mail to private carriers under new legislation stirred an editorial debate last week just as did the Administration's drastic order, a month before, cancelling air-mail contracts and turning the flying job over to army pilots.

This decision to return the service to private companies, said the New York *Times*, "must have been a hard one for the President to make—it requires courage in an Executive to acknowledge, even by inference, a mistake."

But cancellation of the contracts "was justified by conditions which had been brought to light touching the manner in which they had been given," said the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, and "no one believed at the time that the Administration intended to make the Army permanently a carrier of mail by air."

Outlining new legislation "to protect the public interest and to provide for new contracts on a basis of honest payment for honest service," the President suggested in a letter to the chairmen of the Senate and House Post-Office Committees, that "new air-mail contracts be let for a period of not exceeding three years on full, open and fair competitive bidding." A successful bidder would be allowed six month to qualify under the terms of the law and the bid. Six months before the expiration of the contracts the Interstate Commerce Commission would pass upon the question of public convenience and necessity of air-mail routes and fix a maximum rate of air-mail pay.

"Obviously," said Mr. Roosevelt, "no contract should be made with any companies, old or new, any of whose officers were party to the obtaining of former contracts under circumstances which were clearly contrary to good faith and public policy."

Labor's London Triumph

In the triennial London County Council elections of March 8 the Labor Party captured sixty-one or more of the 124 seats on the Council. The Conservatives or Municipal Reformers, as they call themselves, won thirty-seven seats and the Liberals had none. The London County Council directs housing, education, fire fighting, poor relief and minor activities throughout most of the Greater London area.

As a result of the landslide, some said, London could now call itself the greatest Socialistic municipality in the world. The veteran Labor leader, Arthur Henderson, and other Labor chieftains predicted that there would be similar triumphs for the Labor Party throughout the country in the next general elections. The County Council governs all London except the half of a square mile known as the City of London, which is under the jurisdiction of the Lord Mayor. He has nothing to do with the County Council.

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The Supreme Court Decision and the Emergency

Gift of a Loaf of Bread in Violation of Minimum Price Law Brings a Five-Four Division but Provides Another Mighty Pillar for the New Deal

THE jingle of eighteen cents on the counter of an obscure grocery in Rochester, New York, one day last April was echoed last week in the Supreme Court of the United States, in booming headlines, in reams of editorials. Out of that trivial purchase of two quarts of milk has come another mighty pillar for the New Deal.

Leo Nebbia sold the milk to Jedo Del Signore for eighteen cents and threw in a five-cent loaf of bread. He was fined five dollars for disobeying the ruling of the New York Milk Control Board which fixed the minimum price of milk at nine cents a quart. He had violated a law passed by the Legislature to protect an industry in the interest of the public welfare.

Affirming the judgment by another five-to-four decision, the Supreme Court, in an opinion written by Justice Roberts and concurred in by Chief Justice Hughes and Justices Brandeis, Stone and Cardozo, held that "the Constitution does not secure to any one liberty to conduct his business in such fashion as to inflict injury upon the public at large, or upon any substantial group of the people."

Joining with Justice McReynolds, who wrote the minority opinion, Justices Sutherland, Van Devanter and Butler asserted that "the Legislature can not lawfully destroy guaranteed rights of one man with the prime purpose of enriching another even if for the moment this may seem advantageous to the public."

But the majority, as in the Minnesota mortgage moratorium case, held that the public good was paramount in time of emergency. Other points in both opinions are printed in the box on this page.

"This is an epochal decision," said the St. Louis *Star-Times*, "not because it legalizes the debatable system of government price-fixing, but because it recognizes the right of the people, through their law-making bodies, to regulate industry for the common good.

"The Supreme Court, by this decision, has broken chains which have bound the American people for sixty years."

"NRA is significantly strengthened," added the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*. "And we doubt if most Americans are any more fearful than are Justice Roberts and his liberal colleagues that anarchy is about to tear down the foundations of the republic."

"No American can fail to feel that a new era has indeed dawned," according to the New York *World-Telegram*, "and that the nation's highest court has been liberalized to a degree that promises to make the new national departure progressive and secure."

Other papers are less confident. Turning to the minority opinion, the Boston *Transcript* remarked that "whatever else may be said, this declaration by four justices of the court is an absolutely clear-sighted statement.

"It looks far and deep into the conflict of thought, the clash of social economic interest with traditional American principles of individualism and of the protection of individual right.

Wide World

Leo Nebbia, the grocer whose five-cent gift brought a decision from the Supreme Court

"The settlement, the ultimate outcome of that conflict can not yet be known. Light has been cast upon some basic phases of the struggle by both the majority and minority opinions. But the broad issue has not yet been decided. It looms portentous for the future."

David Lawrence, Washington correspondent, after referring to the Minnesota mortgage moratorium decision, continued:

"Now we have two instances in which the police power of the sovereign States has been upheld in the economic emergency. A close reading of both decisions would seem to lead to the conclusion that one of these days we shall be surprized with a decision from the Supreme Court holding unconstitutional the National Industrial Recovery Act insofar as it transcends the power of the Federal Government and seeks to regulate commerce within a State.

"For in its latest decision the Supreme Court's majority opinion significantly points out that the Federal Government is final within its own sphere and the States are dominant with respect to powers entrusted to them by the Constitution."

From the Majority Opinion

The Constitution does not secure to any one liberty to conduct his business in such fashion as to inflict injury upon the public at large, or upon any substantial group of the people.

Neither property rights nor contract rights are absolute; for government can not exist if the citizen may at will use his property to the detriment of his fellows, or exercise his freedom of contract to do them harm. Equally fundamental with the private right is that of the public to regulate it in the common interest.

So far as the requirement of due process is concerned, and in the absence of other Constitutional restriction, a State is free to adopt whatever economic policy may reasonably be deemed to promote public welfare, and to enforce that policy by legislation adapted to its purpose.

Price control, like any other form of regulation, is unconstitutional only if arbitrary, discriminatory, or demonstrably irrelevant to the policy the Legislature is free to adopt, and hence an unnecessary and unwarranted interference with individual liberty.

From the Minority Opinion

Not only does the statute interfere arbitrarily with the rights of the little grocer to conduct his business according to standards long accepted—complete destruction may follow; but it takes away the liberty of 12,000,000 consumers to buy a necessity of life in an open market.

The power thus to regulate private business can be invoked only under special circumstances. It may be so invoked when the Legislature is dealing with a paramount industry upon which the prosperity of the entire State in large measure depends. It may not be invoked when we are dealing with an ordinary business, essentially private in its nature.

This is not regulation but management, control, dictation—it amounts to the deprivation of the fundamental right which one has to conduct his own affairs honestly, and along customary lines.

The adoption of any "concept of jurisprudence" which permits facile disregard of the Constitution as long interpreted and respected will inevitably lead to its destruction.

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Topics of the Day

To Adorn the Male for Happier Days Every year the tailors get together and secure a large amount of newspaper publicity by revealing the new fashions to be worn by men, and every year the average man goes out and gets a new suit as much like the old one as possible. But this year there would seem to be two good reasons for adding to the gaiety of man's apparel. Men ought to be happier, think the tailors in convention assembled, because of repeal and because of NRA and the New Deal.

The tailors show us a "director's suit" to add dignity to the gentleman's presence at the cocktail hour. We hear of canary colored sport clothes and champagne colored evening suits, to say nothing of more checks, plaids and stripes in business suits.

Following the motor-car manufacturers we even hear of the "stream-line effect" in suits.

Maybe the tailors are simply reflecting their own cheerfulness, because customers are paying their bills again.

* * * *

Spinsters Are Rated Our Safest Drivers The safest drivers, it would seem, are the spinsters. An insurance company survey made to establish liability rates gives the lowest rates to "unemployed unmarried women more than twenty-six years old."

The Albany *Evening News*, in speculating on the subject, asks: "Would the spinster be a spinster if she were not so very particular?" And plenty of other queries come to mind. Is the spinster a better driver because she has fewer things to think about, and can thus concentrate on driving? And then it's quite possible that an unemployed unmarried woman has more time to practise.

One wonders whether women will be inclined to refrain from marrying in order to qualify for medals as motor-car drivers, or whether, as our Albany editor suggests, a lot of our spinsters "will now have some astounding automobile accidents, just to prove they are not more than twenty-six years old."

* * * *

And the Men, Also, Die Comparatively Young It's a rather general experience, especially in smaller communities where everybody knows everybody, to notice that there are a great many more widows than widowers. In Europe this might be due to the war. But at least in this country it seems to be simply one more proof that man is the weaker sex. Dr. William J. Mayo long ago learned that women are more resistant than men to many diseases. Dr. E. V. Allen of the Mayo clinic at Rochester, Minnesota, has been checking up. He finds that men are definitely weaker than women in their ability to withstand disease. In particular they are more likely to fall victims to diseases of the digestive tract, lungs, kidneys and brain. Women are indeed sick oftener than men but with lesser ailments, not so likely to prove fatal.

But how shall we account for this "inferiority" of the huskier sex? Doctor Allen has a little list of reasons on which he puts overwork, alcoholism, "tobacco heart," industrial hazards and irregular habits of sleeping and eating. One inclines to think that the proportion of widows is likely to increase rather than diminish as women grow more athletic, and as science reduces fatalities from childbirth.

* * * *

It's a Fair Wind That Blows No Ill To reverse the old adage, it is a fair wind that blows no man ill. Frederick O'Byrne, Commissioner of Jurors for New York County, has found a new "barometer of business" in the attitude of citizens toward jury duty. In the last three or four years, he reports, instead of a dearth of material thousands of unemployed called at his office and asked to have their names put on his list. Now, however, the situation approaches the normal when "we almost have to draft jurors." Out of 700 jurors summoned for the March term of the Supreme Court only 300 were willing to serve.

The general aversion to jury duty is at the bottom of much that ails our system of justice. But there is some consolation in the thought that it is a sign of good times.

* * * *

President Knows Secret of Health President Roosevelt begins his day's work at 8:30 in the morning and rarely quits before midnight. His lunch is served to him at his desk so that it may not interrupt his labors. Yet Dr. Ross T. McIntire, the White House physician, reports that he has come through the first year healthier than when he first became President.

Here is reassurance that will gladden the country's heart. It will also amaze those millions who have so long held to the notion that the burden of this great office is bound to shorten a man's life. Perhaps it is only another startling phase of the "Roosevelt Revolution."

But Dr. McIntire has a simple explanation of the phenomenon. It is the President's "cheerful, optimistic outlook, never expecting trouble." Mr. Roosevelt's condition is a confirmation of the theory that it is rarely work that kills but worry.

Why doesn't the President worry? Possibly because he has so much to worry about that no human being could cover the ground and he doesn't even try.

Woman Appointed To High Judicial Post Another tradition toppled last week when President Roosevelt nominated Florence Ellinwood Allen of Ohio, to be a judge of the Sixth Federal Circuit Court of Appeals. Judge Allen will be the first of her sex to be appointed to this high judicial office, and the first American woman ever to sit in a court of last resort. Her district will include Ohio, Michigan, Tennessee, and Kentucky.

While women in other lands continue the struggle for equal rights, feminists may point to Judge Allen, as to Secretary Perkins, as a justification for their contention that with the granting of woman's suffrage, especially gifted women are made available for public service. From some quarters also comes the suggestion that Judge Allen may be the first woman to sit on the United States Supreme Court. Because of her varied decisions and activities, some declare her to be liberal, others say she is conservative.

* * * *

Brazil's Women May Vote—Some Other Time Brazilian legislators have gained no popularity with the women of Brazil who have long been campaigning for equal suffrage. In the country's new draft constitution suffrage was granted to women but with a disabling clause that has made the women "just mad." Without noting distinction between the sexes the document prescribes as a qualification that the voter shall have completed military service.

Senhora Bertha Lutz, President of the Brazilian Feminist Progress Association, has obtained pledges from several members of the Constituent Assembly that the "error" will be remedied. But she told a New York *Times* correspondent at Rio de Janeiro that "oral promises are not enough." So she has proposed that the qualification be supplanted, in the case of women voters, with an oath of allegiance. She might have made her claim even more emphatic, perhaps, if she had reminded the Constituent Assembly of the work done during the World War by women who had never seen, much less "completed," military service.

* * * *

Just Another Joy Taken Out of Life Men of action hate to be idle, and it used to be said that London firemen spent their spare time between alarms polishing their brass helmets. Those magnificent helmets, which reflected so many flames and dazzled so many Mary Janes, are now doomed. A cooler and lighter headgear will replace them. But the firemen mourn the passing of their splendor, which struck a Byzantine note in the drabness of modern London.

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They Stand Out From the Crowd

Lauren Gilfillan is a petite, twenty-two-year-old girl who graduated from Smith College in 1931 and couldn't find a job. She took herself to the strike areas of the Pennsylvania coal mines, lived among the miners and wrote a book about her experiences which is the Literary Guild selection for March. Her first book, "I Went to Pit College," has been hailed as honest, convincing and stimulating. This young authoress is the daughter of social workers. Her experiences, she declares, were a "pretty good adventure."

Viking Press

Dorothy Gish as a child actress of four or five played *Little Willie* in "East Lynne." This was around 1903. She played juveniles until 1912 when she entered the field of silent pictures. These activities detained her till 1928 when, owning that she was "stage-struck," she never took a talkie test and returned to her first love. Appearing first in "Young Love" she enjoyed a long run, but the play, when transferred to London, came under the censor's ban and was only permitted for special Sunday night performances. She has appeared in "The Bride the Sun Shines On," and as the heroine in the amusing revival of "The Streets of New York." Her latest part was in "By Your Leave." She is married to James Rennie and enjoys the work of Marcel Proust.

Keystone

Abraham J. Muste, leader of the American Workers' Party, has for four years been the head of the Conference for Progressive Labor Action. "A. J.," who is said to be one of the most intelligent men in the Labor movement, is forty-nine, was born in the Netherlands, the son of a laborer in a furniture factory. He received his training here as a Congregationalist Minister, but left the pastorate during the war to which he was opposed. Since then he has attained prominence as a strike leader, and was formerly at the head of Brookwood College. He is tall, sparse, academic, speaks deliberately and well. His Workers' Party, which stands midway between the Socialists and Communists, is frankly revolutionary, but stands for a "100 per cent. American" revolution.

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Cartoonists

As They See Themselves

A Self-portrait for *The Literary Digest*

Harry J. Westerman—Parents did not object to art as a career; was never punished for drawing funny pictures of teacher; graduated Columbus Academy of Fine Arts. First newspaper work, portraits and news sketches in old chalk plate medium; next editorial cartoonist for *The Ohio State Journal* for thirty-two years.

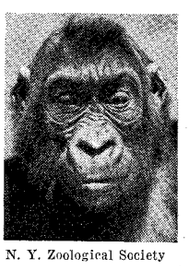
First syndicate work for Munsey group of daily papers. Creator of "Young Lady Across the Way"; the Dinkelspiels, "Sketches of Life."

Married—two sons, two daughters. Diversion, music, golf and a new daughter, Sylvia. Greatest pleasure comes from daily cartoon in the grand old *Ohio State Journal.*

Pet aversion: painted finger nails.

[*A cartoon by Mr. Westerman appears on page 47.*]

Janet Penserosa, who is the only gorilla in New York's Bronx Zoo, and one of the only two in America, shares a cage with Ellen Allagra, a gay chimpanzee. Janet arrived from Africa in 1928 weighing only a slight seventeen pounds. She was put on a special diet which included a daily ration of cod-liver oil. Other foods that agree with infants were also prescribed. Janet has thrived under the care of Dr. Charles V. Norback, who violated tradition by allowing her to live outdoors in all kinds of weather. To-day she is a hale and hearty ape, weighs over a hundred pounds, and is going on eight.



N. Y. Zoological Society

Frank Parker Stockbridge has been recently elected National Honorary President of Sigma Delta Chi, the largest national organization for journalists in the United States. A newspaperman all his life, Mr. Stockbridge is now editor of *The American Press,* a magazine for newspapermen, syndicating editorials and a signed column to 2,000 country newspapers. He is probably the only person who saw the assassination of both President Garfield and President McKinley. At sixty-four Mr. Stockbridge writes detective stories under a pen name.

Wide World

Lowell Thomas, writer and radio news commentator, is a candidate for the title of the world's foremost globe trotter. Born in Cripple Creek, Colorado, and working in the mines at eleven, he later attended Valparaiso, Denver, Chicago and Princeton Universities. He dreads confined places, has led two expeditions into the sub-Arctic, was attached to the Allied armies during the World War as historian, was the first to bring back reports of the German revolution. While in Arabia he met and later introduced to the world T. E. Lawrence (T. E. Shaw), Oxford graduate and leader of the Arab forces against the Turks. When Mr. Thomas broadcast from the Western Union offices in New York recently, listeners were allowed to send him telegrams free of charge; he received 288,000.

What's the Name, Please?

Saor Stat Eireann—Gaelic for Irish Free State—ripples musically into *say'er stahth aar'on.*

Mahony—editor, *The North American Review*—not *mah'o-ny,* but *may'o-ny;* however,

Mahoney—consulting electrical engineer—stresses second syllable: *may-hone'y.*

McGuigan—pharmacologist at University of Illinois—not *guy* nor *gug,* but *gwig: mc-gwig'an.*

McManamy — chairman, Interstate Commerce Commission — stress second syllable, *mc-man'a-my.*

McGoorty — Chicago jurist — *goor* rimes with *boor,* not with *door;* hence, *mc-goor'ty.*

—**Frank H. Vizetelly.**

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News and Comment From the National Capital

Trouble in the White House Secretariat, Brought About by Colonel Howe's Displeasure With Acts of Messrs. Early and McIntyre, Is Smoothed Over by the President

AMONG the troubles concealed by President Roosevelt's cheery smile is a rift in the White House secretariat. Within earshot of his hearty laugh it had become a complicated problem when brought to Mr. Roosevelt's notice last week. Col. Louis McHenry Howe, his political Warwick and head secretary, had been confined to the White House proper for weeks by illness. Out of touch with the routine, he was displeased with many acts of Stephen T. Early and Col. Marvin McIntyre, the assistant secretaries who have carried on in his absence. In one instance, it develops, Mr. Early refused point-blank to carry out instructions of Colonel Howe because he disagreed with him on basic facts.

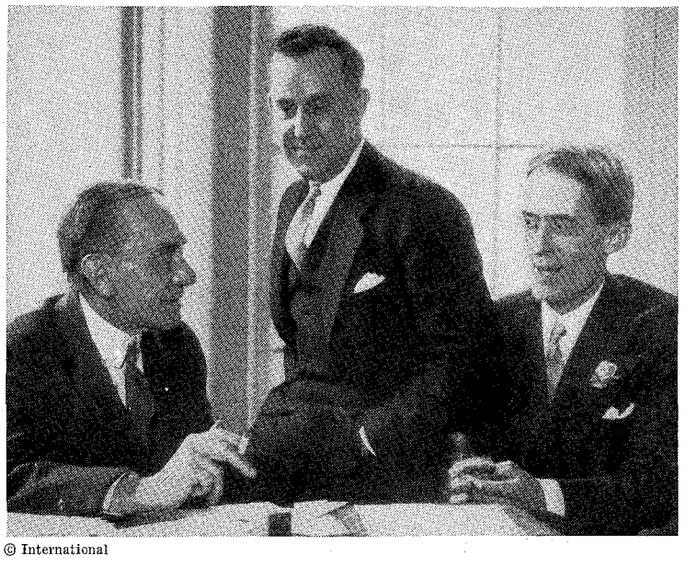
Altho this smacked of insubordination at first shock and seemed to call for backing up his Officer-of-the-Deck, Mr. Roosevelt was able to smooth things over without appearing to repudiate Mr. Early or Colonel Howe. He was convinced that Mr. Early had acted in good faith and unquestionably in his interest. The main disagreement involved Comptroller-General McCarl's attitude toward certain emergency expenditures by Public Works Administrator Ickes. Altho Mr. McCarl had clearly indicated his disapproval of a proposed move, he had not done so formally. Mr. Early saw no point in standing on formality; he was satisfied to accept the disapproval as final despite the absence of a definite ruling by the Comptroller-General. Colonel Howe was for proceeding according to the plan until there was a formal ruling.

Against this background of disagreement, with Mr. Early standing pat, the criticism provoked by his handling of the Lindbergh protest against air-mail cancelations did not improve his relationship with Colonel Howe.

Colonel McIntyre, in his sphere, had incurred the displeasure of Colonel Howe in the meantime. Colonel McIntyre is the secretary for appointments; Mr. Early the secretary for press relations. This roughly defines their spheres of action without drawing a rigid line of demarcation. Colonel Howe, when on deck, is the policy man. He writes many a letter for the Presidential signature and takes some of the detail off the hands of the President. Moreover, having been Mr. Roosevelt's confidential aide and secretary for the better part of a quarter-century, he lives in the White House, sleeps in the Lincoln bed, in fact; is an intimate member of the household, who calls the President and First Lady by their first names.

Iron Out Difficulties

Colonel Howe's place is secure, whatever happens. The President feels free to take with him the liberties one takes with members of one's own family. It helped Mr. Roosevelt to iron out the difficulties between Colonel Howe and Mr. Early on the one hand and between Colonel Howe and Colonel McIntyre (Kentucky colonels, both) on the other.



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The three personal secretaries to the President (left to right); Louis McHenry Howe, Stephen T. Early, and Marvin H. McIntyre

It is a coincidence that both Colonel McIntyre and Mr. Early were in the newsreel business before joining the Roosevelt Administration. Colonel McIntyre had been with Mr. Roosevelt and Colonel Howe in the Navy Department during the war and Mr. Early had "covered" Mr. Roosevelt as Assistant Secretary of the Navy. In their present relations with the President there is a spirit of camaraderie seldom, if ever, seen in the White House. Mr. Roosevelt is never too busy to hear a good story from either or both. His laughter often echoes through the corridors just after one of the secretaries has gone into his private office with a batch of serious-looking papers.

The President, in his conversation with visitors and even in correspondence, calls them "Steve" and "Mac." In the midst of momentous conferences over gold policy, he permits "Mac" to interrupt for a whispered question. In the presence of Big-Wigs from the Hill or from the financial district, "Mac" does not hesitate to insist upon the President taking the telephone to answer a call. On one occasion, the President shared a laugh with visitors when "Mac," refusing to be put off, persisted that this was a telephone call which could not wait. The visitors wondered who it was that could not wait for the President of the United States. It proved to be a Presidential emissary about to sail from New York to Europe.

Colonel Howe, since coming to the White House, shows himself less than "Steve" and "Mac" and rarely engages in their banter with the President. There are those who think Colonel Howe does not wholly approve of it. He is a serious-minded man, a little wraith of a man, who has small taste for social events and hates to dress for formal engagements.

"Steve" Early is a practical man, and yet with a merry twinkle in his eye, who was an Associated Press reporter "covering" Presidents before he became a Presidential secretary. No White House secretary since Edward T. Clark, of the Coolidge régime, has gotten along so well with the press.

Lack of candor is the most common form of secretarial stumbling-block. "High-hattedness" has been the undoing of some. A newspaper man with a query from his desk in the same office must rely heavily on the good faith of a White House secretary. To the secretary the temptation is often strong to be less than frank, especially when he suspects a political motive, in the newspaper home office, back of the query. A reporter's confidence in the word of a Presidential secretary is frequently the basis of the phrase "it is said," appearing in newspapers all over the country.

Since it forces the correspondent to state a situation largely on his own responsibility and without official recourse in the event of a "throwdown" statement the next day, the press dislikes to use the phrase. It relies on the phrase or one to the same effect, for the want of permission to be more authoritative. The great danger to the newspaper writer is that the information carried by the phrase is nothing more than a "trial balloon" sent up by the President, or his secretary, to sound public sentiment and that it is subject to repudiation in the event of an unfavorable reaction. In Washington this is a very common device. The fact that Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Early have had no resort to it in their first year in office is partly responsible for the continued good relations between this Administration and the press.

DIOGENES.

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At the Observation Post

The President, in Asking Authority to Strike Tariff Bargains With Individual Countries, Seeks to Travel Middle Road Between Extreme Nationalism and "Free Trade"

A "FLEXIBLE" tariff was the invention of Republicans. So was the idea of reciprocity. However, now that President Roosevelt would combine the two in a bill to confer on him the authority to strike tariff bargains with individual countries the Republicans are up in arms. His request, in the opinion of Bertrand H. Snell, Republican floor leader in the House, is the most outrageous ever made by an Executive in the country's history.

Such are the amusing inconsistencies of politics. They are not confined to the one party. When President Hoover fought for the flexible provision finally incorporated in the Hawley-Smoot Act he was temporarily defeated by a coalition of Progressives and Democrats. Then the Democrats lent themselves to the stock charge that in delegating to the President any control of tariff rates Congress was abdicating its primary function, that of levying taxes.

It is possible that if Congress had stuck from the beginning to a simple interpretation of its taxing power—if it had considered the tariff merely as a means of raising revenue — this issue would never have arisen. But from the very beginning, under the spell of Alexander Hamilton's philosophy, it has linked its tariff-making with protection. Far more often than not, and invariably since the Civil War, the customs duties it has imposed have had as one of their objects the protection of favored industries. Usually that has been the major object. As a result no tariff bill can pass Congress except amid a bedlam of competing interests. Congressmen vie with one another in pulling plums from the grab-bag for their greedy constituents. Every duty that emerges is a product of log rolling, and as one bill succeeds another the greater becomes the difficulty of its passage and the unpopularity of its reception.

No one needs to be reminded of the interminable tug-of-war over the Hawley-Smoot Act. Introduced in the House in January, 1929, it finally became law in June, 1930, and promptly attracted the lightning not only of domestic but of foreign wrath. More than a thousand American economists had signed a symposium of criticism begging Mr. Hoover to veto it. Thirty-eight foreign governments officially protested against its provisions. Never, it is safe to say, was a piece of Federal legislation so cordially dammed at home and abroad as this fruit of a seventeen months' mêlée.

It is interesting now to recall Mr. Hoover's reasons for signing the bill. Principal among them was his expressed belief that in its clause permitting him to alter its rates one way or the other by 50 per cent., on the advice of the Tariff Commission, he could correct its more glaring faults and in particular placate those nations threatening reprisals. In his eyes its saving grace was its flexibility which seemed to promise an opportunity to bargain with our foreign customers.

The promise never materialized. The Act restricts the President to changes which equalize costs of production here and abroad. The machinery provided is cumbersome. Long investigations, intricate calculations and exhaustive reports are necessary before he can establish a case for executive action. And he may not discriminate as between nation and nation. Any duty, if changed, stands for all importations of the commodity specified regardless of source. Perhaps these conditions help to explain the failure.

—Pease in the Newark *Evening News*

World Has Changed

But one must remember also that the temper of the world had changed. By the summer of 1930 there was no mistaking the nature of the depression that was overtaking Western civilization. The passage of the Hawley-Smoot law coincided with a general scramble for shelter behind trade barriers. Possibly it gave the signal for the rush, but only a dogmatic critic would contend to-day that in its absence the rush would not have taken place.

In any event, and whether in reprisal or not, nation after nation began raising its duties, adopting quotas, proclaiming embargoes. A further complication ensued with the collapse of the gold standard and the consequent gyration of important currencies. Is it any wonder that international commerce should have been reduced to 70 per cent. of its 1929 volume and to 35 per cent. of its former value, measured in dollars? Our own exports in 1933, as the President has pointed out, equalled only 52 per cent. of the 1929 volume and only 32 per cent. of the 1929 value.

The greater fall in our own case may be mainly due to the artificial nature of our export business in the boom period. We had been showering loans on our foreign customers which enabled and induced them to buy our goods beyond any normal demand. When the loans stopped so did the excess purchases. But another explanation seems to have at least a show of validity. While we have sat tight behind our anathematized tariff, flexible only in theory, other nations have been busy negotiating separate agreements with their neighbors. Uninhibited by the jealousy of legislatures they have been "hoss-trading" through their executives and thus gaining a march on the United States.

It is to correct this disadvantage that the President has made his "outrageous" request to Congress. Specifically, the bill he sponsors would permit him to enter into trade agreements with foreign countries and for the purpose to modify existing duties by proclamation as they apply to the products of individual countries. He would restrict himself to changes of 50 per cent. up or down as prescribed by the flexible section of the present law, forbid the transfer of any articles between the dutiable and free lists (also in accordance with this law) and make the treaties terminable at the end of three years.

In other words, he would implement for the emergency the policy enunciated earlier by Secretary Wallace, that of traveling the middle road between extreme nationalism and extreme internationalism or "free trade." Mr. Hoover, the New York *Times* reminds us, when a candidate for President in 1928, said that "our total volume of exports translates itself into employment for 2,400,000 families." Its shrinkage by a half, if continued, will require, in the opinion of the President, "heartbreaking readjustments."

To prevent this is also good Republican doctrine if Ogden Mills may be considered its spokesman. "We will have to abandon the present policy of isolation and intense nationalism," he recently told an audience at Topeka, Kansas, "and to some extent modify recent tariff practises."

The controversy, therefore, turns on the question of method. Apparently the President's opponents would prefer the old Congressional approach, notwithstanding its record of delay and futility, to investing him with power of attorney. The President, meanwhile, has insisted that "any smaller degree of authority in the hands of the Executive would be ineffective." He has framed it in more conventional language but the gist of his plea is that too many conditions will spoil any bargain and that no "hoss-trader" can function who must report his every maneuver to a debating society.

W. M. H.

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The "Purging" of Russia's Communists

The 3,000,000 Members of the Ruling Party Pass Through a "Chistka," a Pitiless Public Inquiry, Lasting a Year; Between 600,000 and 750,000 Ousted in 1933

By Eugene Lyons

THE national congress of the ruling Communist Party which met in Moscow at the end of January represented a depleted and "purged" membership. The entire organization in 1933 had passed through a "chistka" or cleansing of the ranks, in which political heresy and private sin were ruthlessly disclosed and summarily punished.

Figures had not been published before the congress opened. But it is safe to surmise, on the basis of former purgings, that from 20 to 25 per cent.—that is to say, between 600,000 and 750,000 Communists—were cleaned out. While it was in progress, throughout the year, no new members were admitted. Joseph Stalin's party of 3,000,000, striving to remain the "monolith" prescribed by Lenin, had deliberately reduced itself to 2,400,000 or less.

Statistics do not begin to convey the drama of the chistka. One must have lived in its atmosphere to understand it. The chistka was a tangible presence, a sword of Damocles, hanging, it seemed, not only over the Communists themselves but over the whole nation. The millions directly affected, their dependents, their friends, moved in an atmosphere tense with apprehension. Since they are the millions who govern the vast Union of Soviets, their mood of suspense and fear could not but communicate itself to almost everybody.

Imagine, if you can, the 3,000,000 Americans holding the most strategic posts of power and influence in our country being suddenly subjected to a pitiless public inquiry into their past history even unto their great-grandparents, of their political faith, private conduct and more intimate personal foibles. Imagine this inquiry conducted under conditions which made it the duty of every neighbor and charwoman and office boy to question and accuse these upper 3,000,000. Imagine that, and you have some inkling of what happened in Russia.

Only an inkling. An American leader, if found wanting and dismissed in disgrace, might make a berth for himself elsewhere.

© Sovfoto

A Communist "chistka" at the locomotive factory in Leningrad. At the table sit the judges, and standing at the right is the party member being "cleansed"

An outcast Communist is usually out forever. There is only one master, only one employer and dispenser of favors: the State run by the Communist Party. From power to oblivion by way of the chistka is a road trodden smooth by tens of thousands, as smooth and as slippery as a chute-the-chutes. Many, indeed, would gladly embrace oblivion, but—should their sins prove heavy enough to warrant it—they get exile or prison instead; even, in rare instances, death by shooting.

If Bolshevism is a religion, as outside observers so often insist, then the institution of chistka is its confessional. A confessional more searching and soul-searing than any ordained by older faiths. A confessional in which there is never any privileged secrecy and rarely any absolution; in which punishment is not deferred to a hereafter but is meted out on the spot.

The deity to whom it is directed is the myriad proletariat, which listens in on the proceedings at public meetings, on the radio, through the press. It is a deity eager to detect lies and evasions and unsparing in its judgment.

Ivan Ivanoff, Communist and director of the Red Star factory, is being "cleansed." It is in the factory club, filled to the brim to-night with young and old, members of the Party and "non-Party comrades." The business on hand is serious enough, yet there is a faint aura of circus about it; the prominence of the communicant adds to the thrill of the spectacle.

Behind a red-draped table sit three eminent Communists, composing the Chistka Commission. Ivanoff stands near the table, supporting himself with one hand. Somehow his normal self-confidence is this night at low ebb. He is telling the story of his life. He starts in a bold voice, but curiously it begins to trail and break. That career of his, so heroic when he recounts it in detached episodes over vodka glasses in his own room, seems a little thin and threadbare when recited in detail. Perhaps it is those faces and eyes in the audience that disconcert him: he reads grudges in their expressions.

No, that career is not nearly as stainless as he thought when he started glibly half an hour earlier. Once, many years ago, he made a speech that savored of Trotskyist heresy; another time he said something in private conversation that smacked of the Rykov-Bukharin schism. Can it be that anyone remembers these trifles? Better play safe, he thinks, and mentions these transgressions apologetically, as momentary aberrations. In the telling they sound strangely important and he is frightened by his own words. Then there was the time he was lampooned for being "stewed" on New Year's Eve. Worst of all, he recalls that his uncle, dead these many years, had been a Czarist policeman. Ivanoff scarcely knew that uncle and never considered that shameful family relationship of much account. But now, with the Chistka Commission making notes and the reporters holding their pencils poised like daggers, Ivanoff is in a panic and mentally curses that dead uncle and his dead profession.

At last he reaches the end of his narrative and wipes the sweat from his temples. The chairman of the Commission, in a smiling inquisitorial voice, asks a few delicate questions. That Trotsky episode, in particular, interests him. What has Ivanoff done to atone for that weighty error? Does he realize—this in rhetorical style for the benefit of the proletariat—that Trotskyism "has become the vanguard of international counter-revolution?" Then the audience has its innings. Ivanoff's heart sinks as he sees the gangling Stepan rise to his awkward height. Nothing complimentary to be expected from that quarter. But Stepan, surprizingly enough, makes a heated address in praise of the director, whom he

(Continued on page 30)

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Better Times in Britain

New evidence to justify the belief of the public, as well as of business and official circles, that Britain is making a decisive recovery from the depression was given out in a British official wireless broadcast at London. At a general meeting of the Southern Railway facts were supplied regarding improvement in conditions which bore out optimistic views expressed at the general meeting of the other three great railroads. "The improvement in trade and the return of a measure of confidence in the business outlook have provided the public with more money to spend," said Gerald Loder, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Southern Railway, and he added: "The railways are fair barometers of the rise or fall of people's means." Large increases in revenue from both passengers and freight were cited by Mr. Loder.

The improvement in British national industries was also remarked by Major Dunlop in his presidential address to the United Kingdom Chamber of Shipping. At the same time he referred to the bad effects of international trade restrictions upon the shipping industry, because shipping was essentially international and depended ultimately upon the restoration of world trade. As the world's biggest buyer, he said further, Britain could demand that adverse trade balances be redressed by fuller purchases of her shipping services in return for other countries' goods, and he held that "no time should be lost in overhauling existing treaties."

Russians Want Fine Clothes

A foreign fashion magazine was a prize in Russia during the five years of sacrifice between 1928 and 1933, and still is. Women like to dress well, and men like women to dress well, and Soviet women who neglected this biological truism have discovered the fact to their hurt. Even during the worst years of the shortage of goods, patent leather shoes and silk stockings appeared in far-off villages, Louis Fischer wrote in a Moscow letter to the London *New Statesman and Nation*. A good Russian dressmaker can set any price on her services and she will get it. An article in *Pravda* praised a concert singer who appeared at a workers' club in a silk dress and elegant shoes. Clothing factories have been organizing popular fashion shows, and only the dresses, underwear, suits, etc., selected by the public as best, may be manufactured by the factories and shops. The Government has ordered the textile industry to turn out thinner satins and finer silks. Even cotton goods must be of better grade. "Peasant women refuse to wear coarse prints," said a Moscow daily. The official *Izvestia* objected to "ugly, untalented designs which do not satisfy the esthetic tastes of the consumer." The women of a North Caucasus *kolhoz* [collective farm] wrote an open letter to Stalin in which they demanded goods that "would make the soul rejoice."

Rasputin Drama in a London Court-Room

A Princess Wins $126,750 as the Murder Tale of Russia's "Mad Monk" Pales Make-Believe Film Tragedy

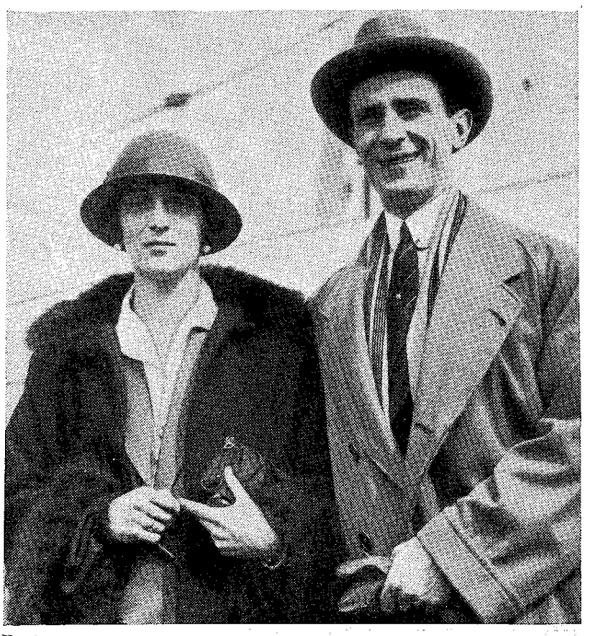
The make-believe tragedy of the film "Rasputin and The Empress" paled before the actual drama enacted in a crowded London court-room when Prince Felix Youssoupoff coldly and quietly told on the witness stand how he had killed Rasputin, the "Mad Monk," by beating him over the head with a loaded cane. The Prince, tall and slim, wearing conventional English morning clothes, recited the story of a tragedy which shook Russia and startled the world, during a hearing of the suit of his wife, Princess Youssoupoff, for $2,000,000 damages against the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures, Ltd., producers of the picture in which John, Lionel and Ethel Barrymore played leading parts.

The Princess Irina Alexandrovna Youssoupoff is a niece of the murdered Czar of Russia. During her cross-examination by former Attorney General Sir William Jowitt, K.C., counsel for the defendant film company, it was brought out that while the Youssoupoffs had been enormously wealthy in Russia they now have very little money left. The Princess was represented by a lawyer equally famous as Sir William, namely, Sir Patrick Hastings, K.C., and the case was considered of the greatest legal interest because the alleged libel was perpetrated both by moving pictures and reproduction of the spoken word. In this aspect it was believed to be the first case of its kind tried in the English courts—where libel has always been dealt with severely. The libel plea of the plaintiff in suing the producers of "Rasputin and The Empress" was that a character in the film, *Princess Natasha*, represented as having been seduced by Gregory Rasputin, the "Mad Monk" of the Russian Czarist Court, was portrayed in such a manner that she must inevitably be taken for the Princess Youssoupoff.

The court-room was jammed with spectators each day during the trial and at least half of those who crowded into the chamber and overflowed into the corridors were women, many of them representing London's high society. But the tensest days were those on which Prince Youssoupoff related how he killed Rasputin in a Petrograd cellar in 1916. Even the relentless cross-examination of Sir William Jowitt failed to shake him in his story. He maintained that he slew the "Mad Monk" when the latter admitted he was in the pay of Germany and was planning to seize the Russian throne. "I thought he was a danger for my country," the Prince declared calmly.

The prince held the crowded court-room spellbound, according to a London correspondent of the New York *Times*, with his account of how he lured Rasputin into the cellar, how he fed the monk enough poisoned cakes to kill a dozen men and how, when the poison failed to take effect, he shot him. But Rasputin was still alive.

Then it was that the loaded cane came into service.



Keystone

Princess and Prince Youssoupoff

An added sensation to this trial full of sensations was the testimony of Commander Oliver Locker-Lampson, a member of the British Parliament for twenty-five years, and distinguished for his services during the war, who said that he had been asked to join the "murder party," and had taken part in an unsuccessful scheme to save the Russian royal family from a violent end during the days of the Red Revolution.

When the trial was ended the jury awarded damages of £25,000 (about $126,750), which was described as one of the largest awards for libel in the history of British Courts.

As quoted in the New York press, J. Robert Rubin, general counsel for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, said: "We are shocked at the verdict. In presenting the picture 'Rasputin,' there was no intention of portraying the Princess Irina. The character of *Natasha* is a purely fictitious one.

"We are advised by our London counsel that they feel the judge misdirected the jury, and that the Appellate Court will reverse the Trial Court."

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When the Sky Rains Stone and Iron

Pre-Historic Comet Is Believed To Have Devastated a 40,000-Square-Mile Area; Probably No Five-Mile-Square Region in the United States Has Escaped Falling Meteors

By H. H. Nininger

Curator of Meteorites in the Colorado Museum of Natural History, Secretary of The Society for Research on Meteorites

OF all the heavenly phenomena which have amazed and appalled mankind since Creation, probably none has caused greater consternation than the occasional appearance of great fire-balls, hissing and thundering through the sky, and leaving lurid paths of flame-red cloud behind them. Sometimes they have been seen to crash to earth; and the queer black stones, found embedded in the soil, were once commonly regarded with fear and reverence. Among primitive people, they were placed under strict tabus, or buried in state; and even among people who had progressed far along the road to modern civilization, in Europe and Asia Minor, they were sometimes enshrined in houses of worship. The famous "Black Rock" of Mecca, held sacred by the Mohammedans, is supposed to be one of them, tho scientists have never yet been permitted to examine it.

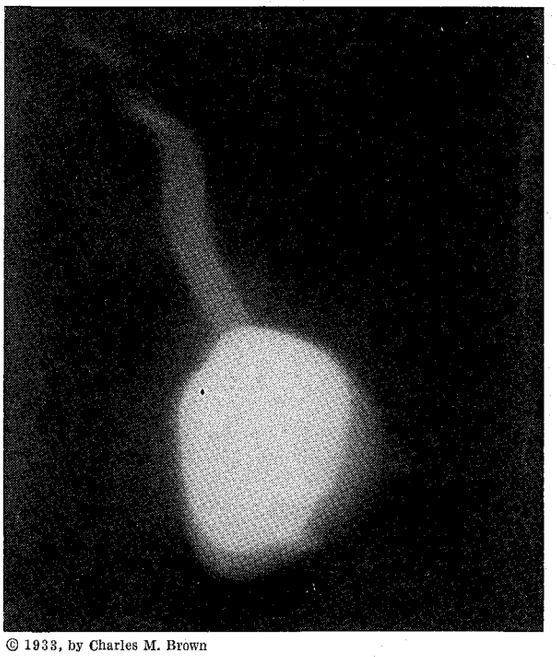
It seems strange, under the circumstances, that the study of meteorites should be the youngest of all the independent sciences. The Society for Research on Meteorites, organized last August, represents the first move among scientists to unite in an effort to learn more about them. There is not even a word yet coined to designate the man who devotes himself to the study of meteoric phenomena.

The present upturn of interest is largely due to several momentous discoveries of the past five years, but it has also been stimulated by the centennial of the great Leonid shower of 1833.

On the nights of November 13 and 14, 1833, the world was visited with what was perhaps the greatest meteoric shower on record. The heavens were literally filled with "falling stars," many of them as brilliant as Venus at her best. Again on the same dates in November, 1866, another unusual shower occurred; and it was then discovered that similar big showers had taken place regularly, at periods of one-third of a century, for more than one thousand years. There were several gaps in the record, but they may have been merely the fault of negligent historians.

A return of the shower was anticipated in 1899, or in 1900, but astronomers were disappointed. The skip was fairly well explained, however, by planetary interference; and the next appearance of the shower was expected in 1932, or 1933. These dates have now passed, and the Leonids are still missing. There is a faint hope that they may return in November, 1934.

What causes meteoric showers? For many years astronomers have known that our sun controls the orbits of several great swarms of stones, traveling through space at almost unthinkable velocities. When our earth passes through one of them, a shower of meteors occurs. The stones are pulled into our atmosphere by gravitation, and the friction of the air heats them to incandescence. Few of them reach the ground. All but the very largest ones are burned to ashes while still many miles above us.



© 1933, by Charles M. Brown

A photograph of the great meteor of March 24, 1933, taken by Charles M. Brown of Mt. Dora, New Mexico

The Wreckage of Comets

These great swarms of stones are now believed to be the wreckage of comets, torn apart by the powerful gravitation of the sun and the larger planets in our solar system. The Leonids are the wreckage of Temple's comet, which has followed the meteors into oblivion. Perhaps the sun has swallowed them. Another comet—Biela's—was actually seen to disintegrate some years ago; and now, tho the comet is seen no more, our earth is visited by a shower of meteors whenever it passes through the orbit formerly followed by the comet. These meteors, which appear annually sometime between November 23 and December 7, are called the Andromedids. Even great Halley's comet has been broken up enough to give us a small periodic shower from the constellation of Aquarius.

The appearance of comets has long filled the hearts of men with dread. What if one should hit the earth? Our knowledge of what would happen has been broadened considerably in the past five years, by the discovery that several large, and hitherto mysterious scars on our planet, were probably caused by comets which actually did collide with it in some bygone age. The greatest of the scars—vastly greater than all the others put together—is composed of more than three thousand craters, covering an area of almost forty thousand square miles along our Atlantic seaboard, between Norfolk, Virginia, and the Savannah River. There, long before the dawn of history, a gigantic comet, twice as large as Halley's, is believed to have plunged to earth. The great masses of iron in its head, if they had been gathered in a single spherical body, would probably have measured one hundred miles in diameter.

The craters left behind by the great comet of the Carolinas, if a comet really caused them, are now no more than shallow pits, for the winds and the rains of the centuries have worked ceaselessly to fill them. Thousands more of them have probably been obliterated. How great was the area presumably bombarded by great projectiles from the sky? Scientists believe that it may have extended inland to the middle of Ohio, and far out into the Atlantic ocean. The whole earth must have shook violently with the impact. The shores of Europe were probably deluged by an enormous tidal wave; and a terrific fiery blast must have completely devastated the entire eastern half of North America, below the St. Lawrence River.

Our present theory, explaining the Carolina "bays," is mainly the work of Profs. F. A. Melton and William Schriever, of the University of Oklahoma, who flew over the area in 1932, photographing the craters from an air-plane. To confirm the evidence of the photographs, they later went over the ground with a magnetometer which revealed large masses of iron beneath the craters. These masses are supposed to be enormous meteorites.

Other scars on the earth, where smaller comets are believed to have fallen, are located in Argentina, in Central Australia, in Afghanistan and Arabia, and on the Isle

(Continued on page 29)

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Golden Relics of An Ancient American People

FOUR or five years ago several poor and ignorant natives were poling their way in a canoe up the Rio Grande de Coclé, a large river in western Panama about ninety miles south of the Panama Canal. The dry season had lowered the river. As the small craft made its way upstream, the keen eyes of one of the natives noted something glittering in the bank.

In a few minutes greedy hands were tearing at the soil, for they had found pieces of gold. The fact that the gold articles were objects of art beaten into curious and beautiful shapes by hands long dead, did not interest the natives. But it did interest scientists. When word of the find came to the Peabody Museum of Harvard University a party of archæologists went down to investigate. The scientists worked in secret for three years, and have now returned with a store of gold objects worth a king's ransom. In the opinion of Dr. S. K. Lothrop, leader of the expedition, they represent the art of a civilization in Panama that has hitherto been unknown to science.

The chance which brought scientists to the spot was due to a shift in the bed of the Rio Grande de Coclé. In changing its course the stream cut through an ancient burying place. The gold ornaments which excited the interest of the natives were part of the funeral dress of some long-forgotten chieftain, buried not only with his richest possessions of metal and pottery, but surrounded also by his wives, retainers, servants and slaves.

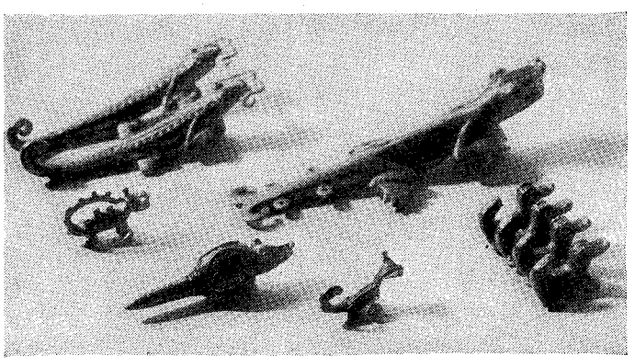
The abundance of similar finds made by the Peabody Museum party in its three-year sojourn in Panama was almost without precedent. Describing the results of the expedition recently in the New York *Times Magazine*, Dr. Lothrop reported that from

Gold breast ornament more than eleven inches wide, part of the Panama find

one grave alone, measuring no more than twelve by fourteen feet, more than 2,000 objects were removed.

The grave contained a score of bodies, laid out in rows upon massive stone slabs. Piled over and around the bones were ninety-six different objects of gold, including four heavy pendants, set with semi-precious stones, six gold necklaces containing thousands of beads, four large and heavily embossed golden discs, twenty-eight discs about three inches wide which had once been sewn on a shirt, four pairs of gold cuffs and twenty-four rods of gold with decorated tips, for insertion in the ears.

There were 225 pottery vessels, both for domestic service and for religious offerings. There were fifty-seven stone axes and chisels, five gold chisels, twenty-one stone knives, 100 stone arrow points, nine mirrors of hematite set in limestone discs, pendants and beads of agate, statuettes carved from the ribs of the manatee or sea cow, some of them overlaid with gold; wild boars' tusks set in gold, sting-ray spines and saw-fish teeth used as spear points, sharks' tooth necklaces, crystals, gilded copper ornaments and many other objects.



Gold pendants representing alligators, dogs and other animals

"Such a list gives but a pale picture of the reality," said Dr. Lothrop. "Gold does not tarnish in the earth and it appeared gleaming in the sun as our knives and brushes removed the accumulated layers of dirt. Intricate designs beaten in high relief met the eye; huge breastplates embossed with mythological monsters; gold cuffs running in sheets from wrist to elbow, each pair stamped with a distinctive design or property mark (corresponding to our coat of arms); complex castings of strange anthropomorphic gods fashioned in molds over delicate models in wax.

The richness, variety and fine workmanship of these possessions indicate that a well-established, wealthy and highly organized culture produced them. Dr. Lothrop and his associates believe, from a study of the relics, that the Panama peoples were unrelated in culture either to their neighbors the Mayas and Aztecs to the northwest, or the Incas to the south. In short, the discovery of these graves has brought to light remains of a hitherto unknown American civilization, as great and important in its way, perhaps, as any of the others.

Who were these people? Histories relate that a party of Spaniards in search of gold left the coast of Panama in 1515. Moving inland, they came to a district ruled by a powerful chief named Parita, who by a stratagem administered such a crushing defeat to the Spaniards that they were driven off.

Several years later a band of Spaniards searching for him found his body elaborately decked for burial, surrounded by bound captives who were to accompany him to his grave. His body was adorned from head to foot with golden ornaments and many others were in baskets nearby. Stripping the body and robbing the baskets, the Spaniards returned to the coast with more than 300 pounds of gold.

Parita and his subjects were probably remnants of the once-great civilization which produced the ornaments and relics recently uncovered by the archæologists.

A Machine to Aid Building of Underground Structures

Will cities of the future, instead of soaring into the sky, go down into the earth to seek the several advantages of building in solid rock? No one can say at this stage of human development what the future may bring, but if mankind does decide to build down instead of up, a machine recently designed by Prof. Philip B. Bucky, of Columbia University, will make it easier for him to do so.

Large underground rooms are now dangerous—in many instances impossible—because no engineering device has been available for testing the kind of structures needed to support the tremendous weight of the overlying earth. Professor Bucky's machine, known as a "centrifuge" and intended primarily for safety work in mines, provides a quick, inexpensive and accurate way of testing underground structures in advance. It thus paves the way, in the Columbia professor's opinion, for the construction of underground buildings and chambers of unprecedented size.

A model made of the same materials and in the same proportions as the structure to be tested, is placed on the centrifuge and whirled at such speed that centrifugal force tends to crush it in the same way that the weight of overlying earth would act upon a real structure underground. If the structure survives the test, the engineer may be assured that his designs are adequate for underground construction. If weakness appears, the plans can be changed to provide for extra strength at points of frailty.

The centrifuge is the result of a cooperative investigation carried on by the Engineering Foundation and the Columbia School of Engineering.

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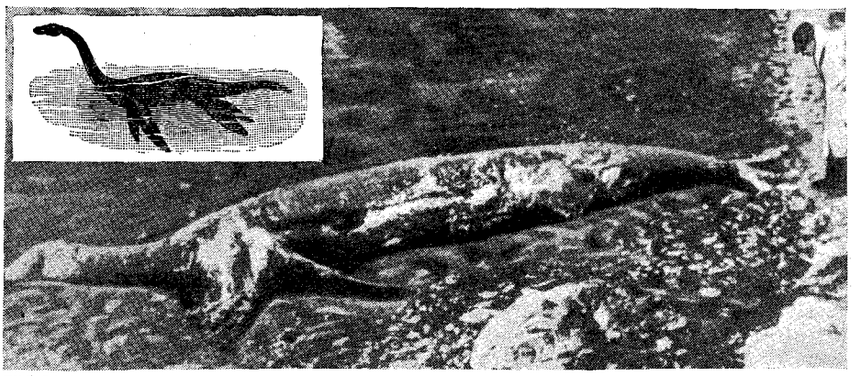
A New Twist in the Sea-Serpent Situation

WHILE news from the British Columbia and Loch Ness sectors of the sea-serpent front seems to have been lacking recently, the places of these better advertised monsters have been taken in the news by reports that sea animals and sea "things" of unknown kind have been struck or sighted recently by vessels in deep water.



Wide World Photograph

The "sea-monster" found near Querqueville, France, and (inset) the Plesiosaurus (Funk & Wagnalls *New Standard Dictionary*)

Just as Doubting Thomases were shrugging their shoulders and turning away with a knowing smile, the actual body of an unidentified monster was washed ashore at Querqueville, France, near Cherbourg.

Waves and decomposition had contributed to the difficulty of identifying the monster, but enough remained to puzzle scientists of two continents. Photographs reaching this country showed a creature, about twenty-five feet long, with a neck a yard long and a small squarish head. Two pairs of flippers, one at the shoulder and the other near the tail, were indicated. Dr. William K. Gregory, of the American Museum of Natural History, said that the creature shown in the photographs does not fit, in its combination of features, any of the living or extinct known species of fish. He thought the body like a whale or a dugong; the neck somewhat like that of a long-necked seal, the head that of a manatee. Whatever else it might be, it was no sea-serpent, said Dr. Gregory.

In this opinion he was supported by Professor Corbiere of the Natural History Museum at Cherbourg, who examined the body of the animal and expressed the opinion that it was a rare species of cetacean (one of the class Cetacea, which includes aquatic mammals such as whales, dolphins and porpoises) but no sea-serpent.

To which it might be well to add that the creature shown in the photographs also bears a striking resemblance to the *Plesiosauria*, a supposedly extinct order of Mesozoic reptiles. As pictured in Funk & Wagnalls *New Standard Dictionary*, these reptiles had small heads, long necks, four paddle-like limbs and a tail, and if not exactly serpents, at least belonged to the same class.

Ancestor of Crocodiles

Two million years ago, when the Painted Desert of Arizona was a swamp, there crept among its leafy fastnesses a small long-tailed type of creature from which was to descend all the crocodiles and alligators and their relatives. It was only about twenty-six inches long, but its skeleton contained some important basic patents which have served its descendants in good stead even to this day.

Visitors to the American Museum of Natural History, New York, can now see what this early American looked like. A restoration made with the aid of a new process has just been mounted there, based on a nearly perfect skeleton of the ancestral crocodile found by Barnum Brown, the museum's curator of fossil reptiles, in the Painted Desert.

In preparing the model the skeleton was separated from the rock in which it has rested for millions of years. A mold of each side was then made with a plastic compound, and from this another cast was made with beeswax, the two sides being joined to make a perfect skeleton. This was then set up as if the animal were in a standing position. (The flexibility of beeswax makes this manipulation possible.) A cast of the beeswax skeleton was next made in plaster and jute, and over this the muscular part of the body was modeled by comparison with the present-day crocodile.

As for the beast itself, Mr. Brown says it was carnivorous and lived in and near the water, like the crocodile of to-day, tho the land in which it was found is now a desert. The skeleton is regarded among paleontologists as an unusual find.

Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History

The great-grandfather of the crocodiles

Science Snap-shots

New Test for Arsenic

Chemical analysts are frequently called upon in criminal or food-poisoning cases to test a small sample for possible traces of arsenic. With standard methods it is difficult to obtain a sure analysis when only very small quantities are present.

A new method, useful when only the minutest traces of arsenic are to be found, has just been reported by H. R. Smith and E. J. Cameron, of the National Canners Association, in *Industrial and Engineering Chemistry*. It depends upon an unusual property of certain mold growths, which liberate arsenic in the form of gas having a characteristic garlic-like odor. To make a test, the mold is grown upon an arsenic-free culture medium. When the colony is in thriving condition, a small piece of the sample is dropped upon it. The presence of arsenic is soon evidenced by the characteristic odor. The mold test may be used with one gram or less of sample, and detects as little as one part of arsenic in a million.

Lapis Lazuli From the Incas

One of the largest masses of lapis lazuli known, a block two feet long, one foot wide, and eight inches thick, is on exhibition in the department of geology at Field Museum of Natural History, Chicago. It was obtained from an ancient Inca grave in Peru.

Lapis lazuli, a bright blue opaque mixture of minerals, has been used from time immemorial as an ornamental stone, according to Henry W. Nichols, associate curator of geology. It was the "sapphire" of the Greeks and Romans, and of the Hebrew Scriptures. Large quantities have been found in early Egyptian tombs, and the Chinese have long held it in esteem. Marco Polo in A. D. 1271 visited mines where it was found.

It was once used as a medicine. It is still carved into vases, dishes, brooches, beads, and ring stones, and is employed in mosaic work. It is found in only a few places, that of highest repute coming from Afghanistan. It is also found near Lake Baikal in Siberia, and in the Andes of Chile.

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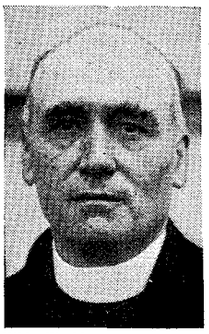
Catholic Association Urges World Parliament

Recognition That Social Justice, Granting Different Applications of Principles, Must Be Applied on World Scale Is First Step Toward Avoidance of War

SOMETHING like a parliament of nations and a federation of the world is proposed by the Catholic Association for International Peace. The association has been making a study of the world situation, and, like Secretary of Agriculture Wallace, comes to the conclusion that no one country can ride to prosperity on the back of another. Bread in Washington will not taste the better because hungry men march on London and take free tea on the terrace overlooking the Thames.

The ills that brought on the depression are common to all. Adversity has shown more than a long era of golden plenty could do that the world is a unit—badly split by the wedges of nationalism, imperialism, exclusion and individualistic monopoly. The cure is simple—withdraw the wedges and apply the principles of mutual help to heal the wound. After all, Americans, French, Germans, British, Italians, Chinese, Japanese, Russians have the same desire—to live in comfort and security, under the warmth of the same sun; to have an equal chance for the fruits of toil and saving. Nations are only individuals writ large.



Wide World

Acme

Acme

From left to right, the Rt. Rev. John A. Ryan, Prof. Parker T. Moon and the Rev. R. A. McGowan

The two calamities of war and depression arose, says the Catholic Association, because a world, for the first time closely interdependent in its economic life and changing all the time and extraordinarily wealthy, has been subject to "concentrated and absolutistic private ownership; a mélange of competitive individualism and plutocratic monopoly; and economic nationalism, economic imperialism and international bankers' imperialism."

The study, which is to be published in several languages, is the joint work of the Ethics and the Economic Relations Committees of the Association, and was under the immediate preparation of the Rt. Rev. John A. Ryan, of the Catholic University of America; Prof. Parker T. Moon, of Columbia University and the Rev. R. A. McGowan, assistant director of the Social Action Department, National Catholic Welfare Conference.

Best Interest of All

The first step in guiding the world in the path of economic interdependence and avoiding war, says the study, is the recognition that social justice, granting separate national and regional action and different applications of the principles, must be applied now on the world scale. The finger-post is Pope Pius XI's encyclical on "Reconstructing the Social Order," which calls for such a production and distribution of economic goods as will give "a good physical livelihood for all now and a good cultural living and, when these are used properly, a high religious and moral life now." But the basic human rule used as the standard of international conduct seems to be, says the study, that "it is somehow good, economically wise and for the best interests of all, economically, if every individual and every government tries, as against all other individuals and governments, to become as rich and as powerful as possible." The result has been, says the report, a concentration in the hands of a few of the wealth and credit power, both of each country and in world relations, and a governmental backing given to these through economic nationalism, imperialism and the international imperialism of bankers.

These proponents of economic peace believe the situation requires a new start. However just the war debts may have been originally, they do not now carry with them the obligation to be paid. Tariff barriers, economically and morally wrong except in special circumstances, should come down by a year-to-year reduction. A new international money system (whether on gold alone or on gold and silver) based on average changes in prices of goods should be accepted. An international debt, trade and banking practise that will not require much shipment of gold from country to country, and positive international cooperation as to markets, materials, equipment and migration, should be formulated. The immigration policy of the United States should be liberalized. Employees everywhere should be unionized, and there should be world cooperation of unions to participate with employers in the control of economic life. Farmers should be similarly organized to care for prices and credit. Consumers should form cooperatives and buying pools. Government should back a program of national and international organizations among them all.

To carry out this vast program of a new world economy its proponents would have governments set up in each country autonomous councils of the existing employers' associations and labor unions of each capitalistic industry and autonomous councils of comparable organizations in non-capitalistic lines of production and service, such as, in the United States, the farm cooperatives.

These national economic councils would cooperate closely on the international field and grow into international economic councils of separate products and services and a joint economic council to administer autonomously international economic life under the close cooperation and supervision of international governmental conferences and international permanent governmental organization.

Put it all together, and it spells brotherhood of man, an economic federation in which nations, employer and employee, capital and labor, producer and consumer would have representation.

St. Peter's is the basilica of a faith common to all countries. Perhaps the nations may erect a basilica for a common economic and social creed that will bring them a little nearer to the Kingdom of God on earth.

New York's Youngest Bishop

Born in Hell's Kitchen, the son of a laborer who had come over from Killarney, Stephen J. Donahue decided for the priesthood when he was eleven, became a monsignor when he was thirty, and now, when he is still on the sunny side of forty, becomes the youngest Catholic Bishop in New York.

Tall, rangy, muscular and firm of mouth and mien, the young Bishop is handy at tennis, basketball, handball and swimming. Besides a good physique, his inheritance includes an alert and active mind. He won most of the prizes offered at the Holy Name School, and graduated at eighteen. In 1932 Cardinal Hayes appointed him to the pastorate of the Church of the Holy Name of Jesus, the largest parish in the city. It was in this parish, after moving from Hell's Kitchen, that he spent his boyhood. He is one of nine children. What pleases the young Bishop most about his elevation is the prospect of again serving Cardinal Hayes.

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Most Lavish Church Is Most Democratic

USUALLY in New York when a church congregation moves to a Fifth or Park Avenue location, it becomes "exclusive." But to prove the rule by the exception, the Madison Avenue Methodist Episcopal Church recently moved into a new handsome structure on Park Avenue in the midst of the elite residential area and became more democratic. It changed its name to Christ Church, eliminating the denominational title, and took steps to do away eventually with the outworn system of renting pews to members. It has thrown open its doors to all Christians and made its choice seats available to visitors.

© Harris & Ewing
Dr. Ralph W. Sockman

In removing the denominational Methodist title, the church followed the example set a few years ago by the Rev. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick, whose Park Avenue Baptist Church became simply the Riverside Church when it moved into the Rockefeller-built temple on Morningside Heights. The subsequent action of Christ Church is not surprizing in view of the fact that its dashing and immaculately-dressed minister, the Rev. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman, was a pupil of Dr. Fosdick years ago at Union Theological Seminary, and has since followed closely in his liberal footsteps.

Through tart, epigrammatic sermons delivered to consistently large congregations and over a large radio network, Dr. Sockman has become recognized as an outstanding Methodist spokesman in the country. His books and lectures have added to his followers. Instigator of the Methodist world peace movement, and a liberal in his social and economic views, he is a well-known figure on the Monday morning sermon pages of New York newspapers. He has been minister of Christ Church for seventeen years, and for two years before that was the associate minister; he has held no other pulpits. To distinguish further his ministry he moved his congregation into the most lavish and ornate—tho yet uncompleted—edifice of the Methodist Church. It is a marked departure from the staid bareness and simplicity of the old-type Protestant Church.

Tall, mustached, sleek and only forty-four years old, Dr. Sockman is known for his pointed comments on topics of the day. A few of his epigrams delivered in sermons are:

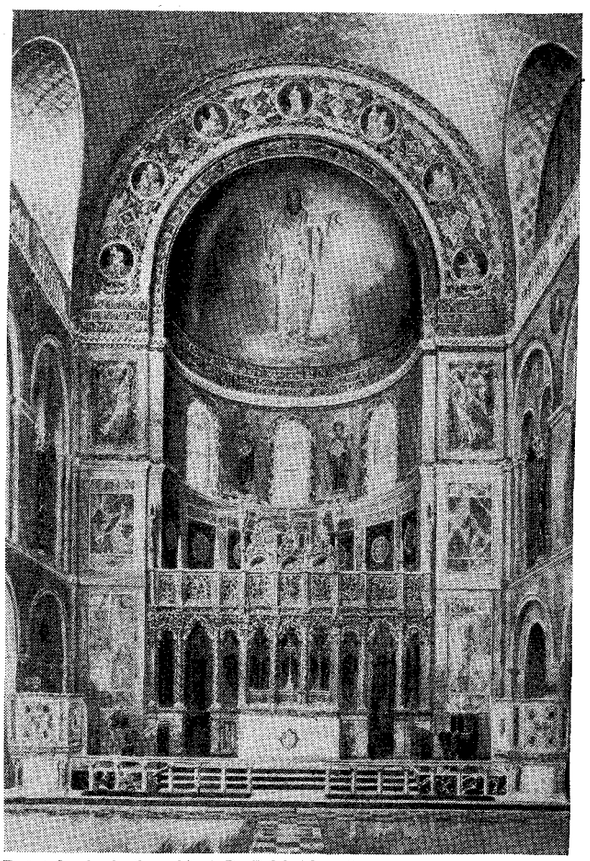
"We have pork barrels in Congress because we have hogs at home."

"Our exportation of Christianity is hindered by the inferior quality of the home product."

"It is unfortunate when a revolt against convention becomes extended into a convention of revolt."

"Our trouble with philanthropy is that it is de-personalized."

"Living conditions affect religious belief just as truly as belief in God affects conditions of life."



From a drawing by the architect, Dr. Ralph Adams Cram
Apse of New York's newest Methodist Church

"Dangerous as are the currents of lawlessness, even more sinister are the social inertia and evasions of the so-called decent 'man on the street.'"

"The danger of the machine age lies in men having authority over great mechanical forces but with the moral conceptions of a pigmy."

"In this depression we have begotten a war-time spirit of cooperation without a war-time spirit of hatred."

Just how far apart from the traditional old white frame or red brick Methodist church the new Christ Church has gone may be seen from the description of the edifice furnished by the architect, Ralph Adams Cram. As the designer of the Gothic Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Bishop William T. Manning's mammoth Episcopal structure in New York, and other buildings, Mr. Cram had long advocated Gothic as the truly Christian church architecture until he made a trip some years ago to the East. This tour convinced him that Byzantine "is much more nearly an artistic manifestation of the early and undivided church," and that Gothic and Renaissance churches "are essentially Catholic styles, and were developed for the definite purpose of expressing the Catholic religion, philosophy and ways of life."

So the design for this new Methodist church became Byzantine, created along the lines of the art which found its first great expression in Constantinople about 600 A. D. and which has been best expressed in such buildings as St. Mark's in Venice and the Capella Palatina and Monreale in Palermo. After the example of Dr. Fosdick's installing of Gothic statues of saints and an altar with a gold cross in his Baptist church, it was not so difficult for Dr. Sockman's congregation to permit gold leaf domes, mosaics and handsome marbles in their new temple.

"Another reason for choosing this style," Mr. Cram explains, "was that there are a large number of other churches in New York, simila in general dimensions, whereas such Byzantine examples as exist are found only in large structures. Moreover, a Gothic church should properly dominate its surroundings, which, in a large city, is impossible. Christ Church, however, has been designed rather as, so to speak, a jewel, both outside and in. That is to say, a building that will command attention and create a sense of reverence through the delicacy of its detail and the richness of its materials and color."

When, completed, the interior of the church will be "of utmost richness of color and materials. The four great columns of purple Levant marble, the high panelling of precious marbles in various colors, and the mosaics that some time will cover the upper walls and arches, should give an effect of great splendor."

The arrangement of the chancel is of the primitive form, tho most unusual in this country. The altar and clergy stalls are in front of a richly carved and gilded screen, partially open, behind which, in the "hemicycle," are the seats of the choir and organ console. It is not intended to have stained glass in the windows, "but to depend on the rich design and iconography of the future mosaics both for teaching purposes and to serve as memorials." The windows are to be filled with "bull's-eye" glass, similar to that used in St. Mark's, Venice. The total investment is about $3,000,000.

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Helen of Troy Makes Opera Début

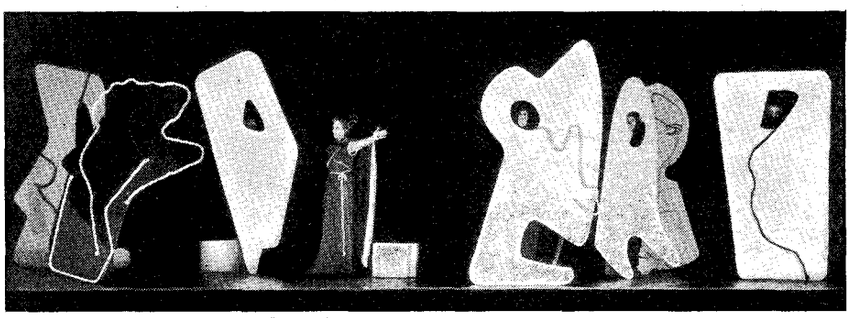
The Season's Third American Work, This One Given in the Hall of the Juilliard School of Music, Indicates that Native Music Is Coming Out of the Doldrums

IT was like a gala night at the Metropolitan when the first performance of the Erskine-Antheil opera, "Helen Retires," was given in the hall of the Juilliard School of Music by students of that institution. A large number of the distinguished musicians of the city were present, as well as others among whom were members of the Guggenheim Foundation which had fostered the work of the composer, George Antheil, a native of New Jersey. On this occasion the two collaborators, John Erskine and Mr. Antheil, were presented with the David Bispham Medal by the American Opera Society of Chicago.

"Helen Retires" is the third American opera presented this season, and it goes to show that native music is coming out of the doldrums. In this particular case it comes with considerable vociferation, for Mr. Antheil is one of those devotees of the modern mode. It is true that the demands of his theme have softened some of the cacophonies of his earlier instrumental scores, for Mr. Erskine places two of his acts in the lands of shadows where too much uproar would be unseemly. There is, however, a dissonant intricacy of melodic line that makes it difficult for Mr. Erskine's wit to come through especially when *Helen* is expressing her insatiable love of love.

Readers of that witty novel, "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," that had a best-selling vogue around 1925, will find John Erskine's heroine still the restless modern woman intent upon realizing herself. We see her at the funeral feast of *Menelaos* in her home in Sparta, rejecting the advice of *Eteoneus* that she settle down and call it a life. She was born for love, and tho she had been the object of love in many she had never met *Achilles*. But he was in the Shades with *Paris* and *Menelaos* and other Trojan heroes, and as nothing daunts *Helen* she departs to that abode.

She leaves a pleasant court fitted with a back drop of modernist design by Frederick Kiesler who has adjusted decore to the character of the music. Attendants move in a stylized dance, while the chorus, ranged on seats flanking the stages, is fitted out in black slips with white headpieces that resemble a diver's helmet ornamented with swirling loops. Arriving downward on a platform from the top of the wings she leans on a pillar in a position like a classical pose of Lady Hamilton. Below she meets the six Trojan heroes concealed by white, irregular planes one of which, perhaps representing *Menelaos,* displays a wide open mouth as if ready to bite her. Nothing daunted, *Helen* moves among this fearsome band, whose protests against women give way to her beauty, while she calls out for *Achilles*. That hero quickly succumbs in turn, and is later led away to the Elysian Fields. Here in the third act they are found singing of love's ecstasies. Actually they appear perched like two birds on a bough high above the stage level, but we must imagine it symbolizes a rocky platform by the sea for a group of fishermen later appear and beg them to desist from their eternal love duet since their boat grounded on the shore is held chained by magic. An angry fisherman begs to be let off. *Helen* explains it is the magic of immortal love, but the fisherman is not impressed. *Helen* asks if he is so much in love with his wife, and he answers no; once they loved but that was long ago, now they are old, but are used to each other. They are allowed to go, but one young and handsome fisherman remains behind.



Helen visits the ghosts in Hades

Helen begins to fear that even love with *Achilles* can not be immortal, and she gently eases him away to the Shades before they find that love has its limits.

She retires to her perch on the platform and meditates on the end of life, when below she spies the young sailor now transformed into a dancer who expresses his admiration in the only art he has. "Well, where did you come from?" is *Helen's* surprized inquiry. As he has no words he can only kneel and clasp her knees, and the curtain descends on your conviction that *Helen* will try it once more.

The story, so Olin Downes of the New York *Times* asserts, is a variant of the legend of Helen by Pierre Beyle. It is witty and "there is lyrical verse that certainly ranks among the best poetry Mr. Erskine has written." Apart from the opera which could not employ the entire work it remains as yet unpublished. Mr. Downes finds implicit in the libretto a side that the music does not bring out:

"For this *Helen* is not merely a Greenwich Village widow. She follows the quest of Faust and of Don Juan. She, incarnation of beauty and of the dreams of man, is alone. She seeks a fulfillment which not one of her lovers has been able to meet. Through earth and through hell she will go, if only she may find the solution to the riddle of her soul. Under the smart talk of the immortal woman is melancholy; despair with life as she has found it; the invincible resolve to find a way out; the inevitable conclusion that there is no way out, save to take what life at its summit can give, and, if life will not suffice, to seek the end of the adventure in death. That life, once more, claims that beauty and eternal glamour which are its own, is nevertheless *Helen's* fate, to which she gracefully submits."

Some of Mr. Erskine's lines were spoken instead of sung, but Mr. Henderson, critic of *The Sun*, has since pointed out that Mr. Antheil made the error of surrounding some of them with melodramatic music:

"The decorative patterns woven by the flute around the long monologue of *Helen* obscured its text. Similarly some of Mr. Antheil's recitative lumbered about the stage most clumsily. If American composers will not make an intensive study of what can be done in a theater and what can not, they will never succeed as opera writers. Mr. Antheil's want of perception of the practical relations between recitative and the extended vocal line was something he shared with too many of his predecessors in the domestic theater. He made some commentators (with whom this one heartily agrees) wish that he had permitted more of Mr. Erskine's poem to publish itself without his hindering accompaniment.

"Mr. Antheil was happy in spots. There were some exclamatory choral utterances which had brilliant aptness. There were bits of instrumental music possessing the feeling and motion of the stage action. But there were too many others which were just instrumentation."

Youth Not Theater-Conscious

A canvass was taken at a London store employing hundreds of youthful assistants, and the result was revealed that only a score or so of all these young men and women had ever been inside a theater. But nearly every one knew all about the films.

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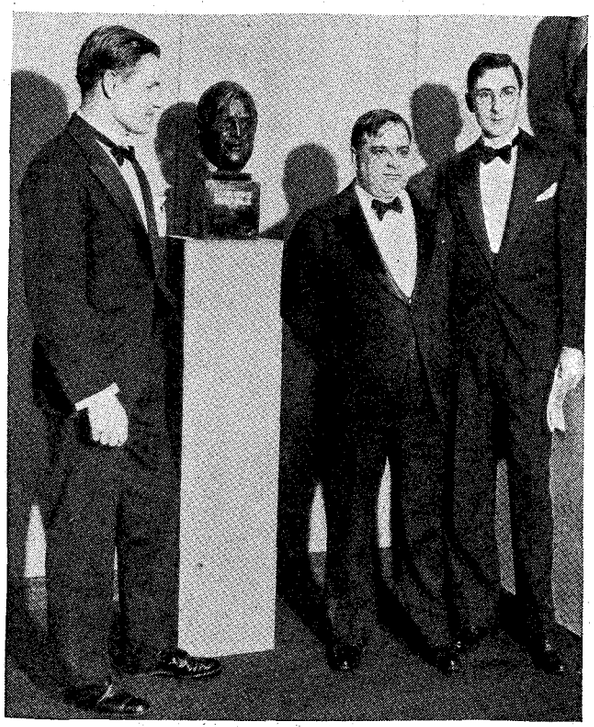
When a Metropolis Exhibits Art

FEW things seem to be done too peacefully in these days. The first Municipal Art Exhibition held at Rockefeller Center, New York, opened in the midst of some turmoil. Artists, as well as other folks, can be pugnacious, and the fate of the Rivera fresco on the wall of the entrance hall of this towering building stirred some among the wielders of the brush to more violent action. First, the radical element were moved to petition Mayor LaGuardia, under whose auspices the show is held, to eschew Rockefeller Center and go elsewhere or abolish the show altogether. That failing a picket of recalcitrants paraded before the doors on the opening night and expressed their feelings on placards reading, "Put an End to Vandalism"; "Hitler Burns Books—Rockefeller Destroys Art."



At the Municipal Art Exhibition

Nelson Rockefeller, Mayor LaGuardia, and Alfred H. Barr, Director of the Museum of Modern Art, beside Jo Davidson's bust of LaGuardia

The four thousand who thronged the hall were not much moved by these protests. There was much to see and something to hear. The Mayor on arriving went first to the print room and chose twenty lithographs and etchings to be bought out of the proceeds of the exhibition for presentation to the city schools.

When the Mayor spoke he declared this the most pleasant duty assigned him since January. "Not that I love art any more since January 1," he added, "but simply that the occasion gives me so much pleasure." Speaking of the significance of the exhibition, he said: "While American finance has hesitated, American industry has been timid, and American commerce uncertain, American art has forged forward. This is the artist's answer to the depression."

The artists have spoken in voluble terms. Nine hundred and thirty-seven numbers are listed in the catalog of various works, sculpture, paintings in oil and water color, etchings, drawings, and lithographs, to be visible until March 31. The show was open to all comers among the artistic gild, and barring those representing the work of the embattled painters, works of every type from the conservative Academician to the revolutionary modernist are there to be enjoyed and bought as one feels inclined. No such grouping of esthetic diversities has perhaps ever before been assembled, and no art show under municipal patronage has before been held in New York.

In spite of the numbers of works shown there is no sense of crowding. The spacious area has been skilfully broken up into galleries and alcoves and the exhibits so placed or hung as to give each its full value without undue intrusion from those alongside.

Entering from the Sixth Avenue side of the main Rockefeller building the Hall of Sculpture first meets the eye, and here the diversity of exhibits range from the abstract to the literal, figures that require study to penetrate their meaning like Alexander Calder's "Mobile," on to the forthright aggressiveness of Reuben Nakian's "Babe Ruth" (described in our issue of last week) or Alfeo Faggi's reverent evocation of "St. Francis." The latter speak their message directly, but with "Mobile" a metal ball sprouts a stiff wire from whose upper end other wires branch and end in metal pieces that move when air currents assail them. Perhaps one who lags behind the artist's mind may be tempted to say, "It's cute but is it sculpture?" and turn to study the expression of some portrait bust or admire the suave lines of a dancing figure.

Among the paintings is one by Kimon Nicolaides called "The New Deal." Within concentric rings issues a pipe that gives forth a vaporous explosion inside which are supported other rings, as one has seen a fountain support rubber balls. Other smaller explosions are placed outside the main ring.

The exhibition as a whole bends far away from the Armory show of modern art that set the town agog in years past. Since Academicians are generous exhibitors one can be sure of safe and sane painting. Their work and those of artists who depart from their standards range from scenes representational as well as idyllic, and not least among the works having drawing power for the visitor are the numerous sketches in chalk and pencil as well as etchings. No exhibitor is represented by more than four works, some by one, two or three, and of those who use various mediums the choice is usually an oil, a water color, and a drawing, lithograph or etching.

Two American Plays: Superficial Culture and Propaganda

The house rose in cheers and applause after the second night performance of "Dodsworth," and a second night's behavior is usually a good augury for the success or failure of a play. They sometimes differ from the verdicts of first night reviewers.

But in the case of "Dodsworth," which is Sidney Howard's dramatization of Sinclair Lewis's novel, there is a general harmony between both.

The play is provided with two excellent actors, Walter Huston and Fay Bainter, who represent the successful middle Western couple, grown rich in family and fortune, and who go abroad to acquire the culture of Europe. It comes to both of them in ways unexpected as readers of the fascinating novel well know. Mr. Huston may not be to all comers the *Dodsworth* of the book, but he is consistent in himself—he sometimes calls himself a "hick"—and he falls for the substantial glamours of the old world while his wife goes in for its superficial amorous ones, and of course they come a cropper in the end. The dramatization gives the high lights of Dodsworth's struggle to believe in his wife, and these scenes, necessarily short, have a somewhat irritating cinematic effect. You miss the novelist's treatment of their psychologic values. The wife's acquired veneer of foreign culture fails her in capturing a more glamorous mate, but it hasn't saved her from the silly affectations of human vices, and her final abandonment by a long suffering husband comes with a sense of justice.

In "They Shall Not Die," by John Wexley, the Theater Guild presents a frankly propagandist play in behalf of the indicted Negro boys of the Scottsboro case, and no detail of inhumanity, prejudice, and injustice is omitted from the newspaper revelations of this sensational arrest and trial. If judged as art alone one revolts against the painful brutality of some of the scenes, and in others feels that the dice are loaded against the prosecution. Mr. Wexley writes with a burning indignation and the players, especially Ruth Gordon and Claude Rains, give him full value for the opportunities presented to them.

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An elevator lesson from two good farmers

They're neighbors, these two. Their farms are like a Garden of Eden, while around them on all sides is soil that is poor and unproductive. Long experience has taught them how to conserve and build up their soil — how to prosper where others fail.

IN YOUR CITY are the profitable buildings and the unproductive ones. A block that looks down at the heel. Next to it one that is up and doing. And the difference often lies in the way the buildings are handled. For instance, in such a seemingly small detail as care of elevators.

Elevator care should be more than just oiling and greasing and repairing when something goes wrong. Good elevator care should see to it that nothing goes wrong — should detect and correct elevator trouble long before the elevator goes temperamental.

To provide this type of elevator care, Otis Elevator Company established some years ago a country-wide Maintenance Service. A Service that looks first to convenience and comfort and satisfaction of tenants. A Service that avoids shut-downs and costly repair bills. A Service that is available to you today at a reasonable, flat monthly rate. Full particulars at your local Otis office.

OTIS ELEVATOR COMPANY

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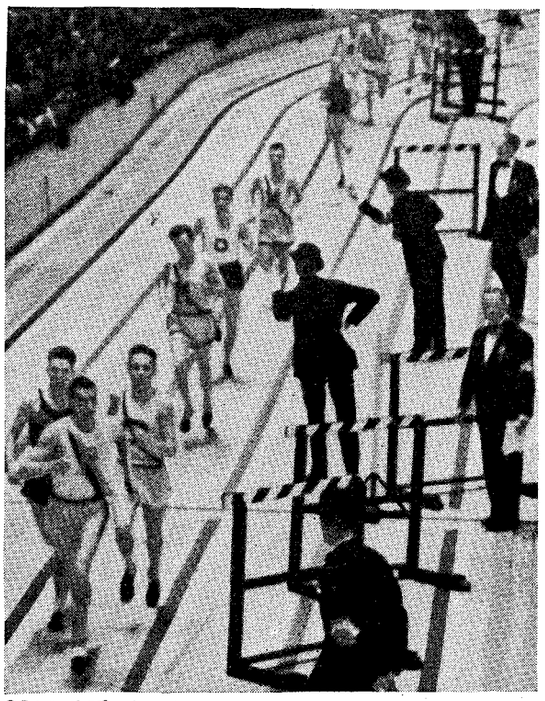
Track Ends a Boom Run on the Boards

The I.C.A.A.A.A. Meet Marked the End of an Indoor Season that Saw Individuals Dominate Even the Heralded Struggle Among the Member Colleges for Collegiate Team Title

ON a Sunday night last week Ottawa and the New York Americans, National Hockey League laggards, played a dull game before a "prize fight-size" crowd on the ice in Madison Square Garden. Less than twenty-four hours later, carpenters had whittled, sawed, and hammered together a transformation after the designs of Gustavus T. Kirby and that notorious mausoleum of sport was all dressed up in a fresh pine-board track, peppermint stripes painted to mark out the lanes, pits, runaways, Kirby Camera Timers, contestants, benches, and derby-hatted officials strewn willy nilly about on the boards inside the banked oval track. The track itself was an innovation—a twenty-seven-foot wide double track, a 133.3-meter oval inside a 160-meter strip, all outlined in a maze of colored stripes. This was the setting, the party dress that the Garden wore in playing host for the first time to the I.C.A.A.A.A. indoor track meet, late resident of draughty uptown New York armories. This strictly collegiate affair was moved into the Garden "to accommodate the multitudes who have been unable to get seats at these college games before."



© International

Remarkable "candid camera" shot of the 1500-meter race as Bonthron begins to stride out on the queer striped track to overhaul Venzke, out of sight in the picture. Crowley and Thompson of Manhattan, point winners, press up in the pack strung out behind Bonthron

But the publicity went astray for this last act of the indoor track season, the most prosperous since Nurmi furnished the boards with a box office success back in 1925. The Millrose Games, the N.Y.A.C. Games, and the A.A.U. meet that preceded the I.C.A.A.A.A.'s had played to packed houses. There were plenty of empty seats last week at the I.C.A.A.A.A. meet. Those three preceding indoor meets had been carefully built up around that colorful quest for the Four-Flat Mile, the Cunningham-Bonthron-Venzke struggle. There was the drama that drew the crowds. Those able sportsmen who direct the destinies of the I.C.A.A.A.A. had other ideas—their meet was to be a struggle between *teams* for a *team title* in which individual performers were to be subordinated to team performances.

That sort of thing is all very well for football, baseball, crew, and to a lesser degree, outdoor track. It is rather difficult to get very excited or even to keep up with team standings in an indoor track meet. Consider the meet in question: First it violated the old adage that dictates conduct "when in Rome" by going on the "metric standard" in all the events for the first time, all Greek even to New York's population. Thus every event was to set a new intercollegiate record — metric — "confusion worse confounded." The meet did start off in the intended spirit, with a toe-curling final for the 1600-meter relay in which it was easy to subordinate the individuals simply because the relay is a team event.

Right after the 1600-meter relay, attention was promptly focused back on individuals when Bonthron pulled out past chugging Venzke to win the "Olympic Mile," metric approximation of the season's headlined quest for mile honors. Venzke held a long lead and had the crowd pulling for him until the very last when all partizan applause was drowned in one welling roar as Bonthron drove ahead on the soft, pine boards and went on past the 1500-meter finish to fail in a lone try for a measured mile record. The first lap of that race was run on the 133.3-meter track and then switched out onto the 160-meter strip. There seemed to be no confusion about crossing the bewildering pattern of lines, but perhaps this innovation accounts for Bonthron's poor clocking at 3:57.4. Cunningham was out of this particular chapter in the struggle. Kansas University, his alma mater, is not a member of the really quite Eastern and local I.C.A.A.A.A. And always breaking into the "dug dug dug" of the spiked shoes on the clean pine boards—sounds like a dog scampering across a ballroom floor—the announcer's amplifier repeatedly centered the crowd's attention upon individuals . . . "the bar is now at fourteen feet five inches . . . Keith Brown will try for a world's record . . . George Spitz is jumping for a new record. . . . "

Thus did individuals steal the show from the much advertised three-way struggle for team supremacy among N. Y. U., Yale, and Manhattan. It was the memory of a whole season's struggle for mile honors between three courageous young men, individuals; the thought that plugging Venzke, not once the victor this season in that struggle, still lords it over his conquerors with his 4:10 indoor mile record set while he was still new on the boards—those were the flashes that kept the crowd awake, that made it a mite difficult to summon up a burst of enthusiasm when it was announced that the team from Manhattan College, a team that won only one first place, had wrested the I.C.A.A.A.A. title from Yale, a real *team* triumph, true enough. Especially would it be difficult for a spectator from Los Angeles, or Seattle, or Dallas, or Chicago to produce a wild abandoned outburst of applause over such a passing of an intercollegiate title. It was too local a finale.

The meet was decided in the field events, those poor relations of track, and there were the only real records set: Spitz of N. Y. U. in the high jump; Yale's Keith Brown in the pole vault; Bowdoin's Bill Niblock with the sixteen-pound shot; and Henry Dryer of Rhode Island State with the thirty-five-pound weight.

Perhaps in the Yale Bowl, or on Ohio Field, or in Palmer Stadium, it would be possible to think more of the team. But in Madison Square Garden, shelter for six-day bike races and Socialist rallies, the color of the 1934 campaign on the boards will be painted in the history books more with the brilliant, game struggles of Glenn Cunningham, Bill Bonthron, Bill Graber, George Spitz, Walter Marty—those are the names that made the season, not Yale or Princeton or Manhattan or Fresno State.

SPORTS CALENDAR

GOLF

March 22-25—Open Tournament. Augusta, Georgia.

HUNT RACE MEETING

March 24—Carolina Cup, Camden, South Carolina.

POLO

March 17-31—Open Championship, Burlingame Club, San Mateo, California.

STEEPLECHASE

March 23—Grand National, Aintree, Liverpool, England.

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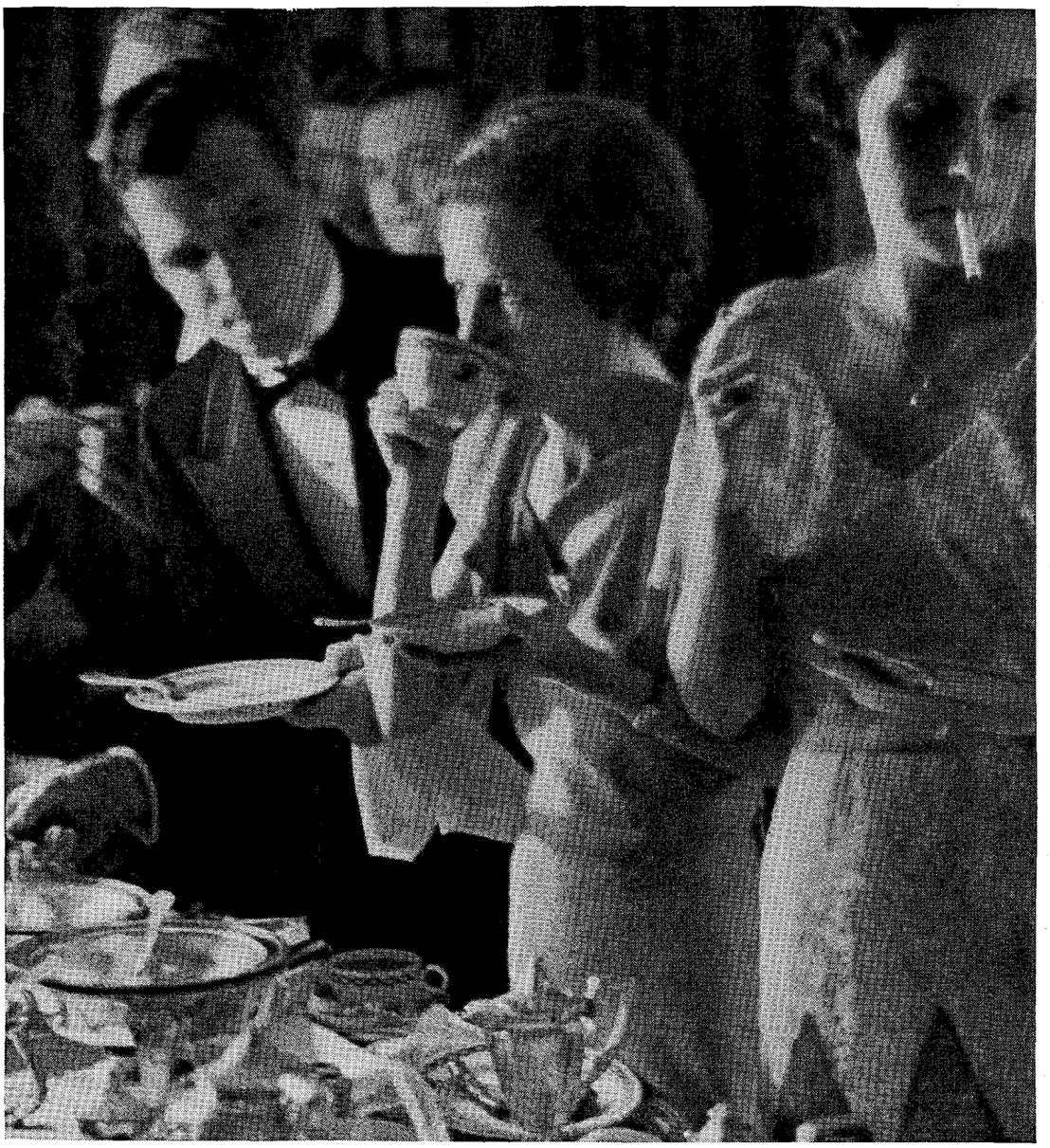
Smoke 'til the Midnight Spread

...and still keep a fresh, cool mouth



Do you keep lighting 'em without counting 'em from breakfast 'til the midnight spread? Then it's Spuds for you... if you'd like to have a fresh-tasting mouth all the while!

What about this "fresh" taste?

Is it menthol? Yes... but only indirectly. Spud's smoke contains hardly a trace of menthol. The menthol does its work *in the cigarette.* It simply lowers the temperature of the smoke. Therefore, what Spud gives you is just pure tobacco goodness *with the heat taken out.* That's what causes the fresh, cool taste. Try a pack.

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Championships and Death at the Bridge Table

By Walter Malowan

Member of the 1933 All-American Championship Team and Secretary of the International Contract Bridge Union

THERE is great similarity between golf tournaments and bridge tournaments. With very few exceptions the final outcome is very close, and there are usually eight or ten players or pairs who are rated as having an almost even chance at the beginning. Another similarity is that, with the exception of rare upsets, the winning player or pair will "come through" from among the favorites participating. Many a golf tournament has been lost through the ball "rimming the cup" and many bridge championships have been missed by the proverbial eyelash, notwithstanding the fact that the contestant has played exceedingly well.

Richard L. Frey suffered just such an undeserved defeat in the 1931 Individual Masters' Tournament. These yearly individual contests are considered the severest tests in contract bridge, since only players who have won a national championship are qualified to enter. The number of participants is limited to twenty-five, who are selected by a special committee. In 1931 one hundred hands were scheduled to be played in three days. Frey had played consistently well, and was leading the field with only two more hands to play. Sitting West, he held: spades 7, hearts K 4 3, diamonds A K Q 9 4, clubs 10 6 5 2.

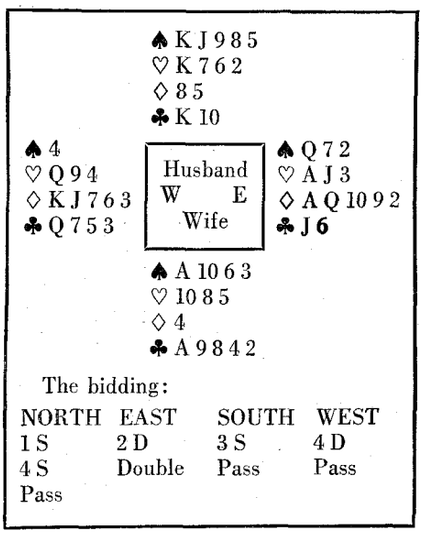
The bidding proceeded as follows:

EAST	SOUTH	WEST	NORTH
Pass	Pass	1 Diamond	Pass
2 No-Trump	Pass	Pass	Pass

West hesitated a long time before passing over the two no-trump bid, but, sound as his decision was, it proved fatal. Game at no-trump could have been made easily, because the dummy, in addition to other valuable cards, held the ace and queen of spades and the king of that suit was held by North. The highest total score for the tournament was 278½ match points, while Frey had accumulated 278 match points.

The recent Grand National Tournament of the United States Bridge Association inaugurated the novel rule that knock-out matches in team-of-four tournaments must be won by a minimum margin of 500 points. If, after the scheduled number of hands, the margin was below that limit, additional sets of four boards were to be played until one of the teams had gained this decisive margin. Long discussions at the committee meetings had preceded the adoption of this innovation. The opponents of the proposed rule argued that in golf tournaments championships may be won by a single stroke; to which the proponents retorted that deuce sets in tennis are prolonged indefinitely until one side has gained an advantage of two games. The supporters of the proposal finally won out.

I was one of the committee members who favored the change, as it tended to relieve the great strain in tournament bridge. Too many teams-of-four matches



The bidding:

NORTH	EAST	SOUTH	WEST
1 S	2 D	3 S	4 D
4 S	Double	Pass	Pass
Pass			

in previous contests had been decided by ridiculously small margins of from twenty to a hundred points and obviously such an atomic difference does not prove the superiority of any team.

Perhaps I favored the change because my team had twice lost the Vanderbilt Cup, the most coveted bridge trophy, by a single hand; and this had cost me some sleepless nights thinking of "what might have been."

The first catastrophe befell us through a misunderstanding between my partner, Commander Winfield Liggett Jr., and myself. The other pair of our team was entirely guiltless. Playing against the Culbertson team (it happened before Ely Culbertson had reached the pinnacle of his fame), our side was vulnerable on this particular hand, and after three passes I opened fourth hand with one club, holding spades 10, hearts A Q 10, diamonds A K 4, clubs K Q J 9 7 3. We had had two good "breaks" on previous hands and Mr. Culbertson, realizing that strong measures were required, made a bluff bid of one no-trump. My partner overcalled with two no-trump on the following hand: spades A K J 3, hearts J 9 2, diamonds 9 8 6, clubs 10 8 4. I did not like the distribution of my hand for no-trump, and never suspecting that the bidding would stop short of game after my partner's indication of strength, I bid three clubs, which was passed by all. I made a small slam, as the heart finesse worked. At the other table the final contract was five clubs. We lost the match—and incidentally the tournament—by this one tragic hand, which is still occasionally discussed among experts. Their opinion is divided as to who was to blame for the result.

The other all-important hand occurred in the Vanderbilt Cup Tournament two years later. In the match between the "Four Horsemen" and the Cavendish Club team both reached a vulnerable six no-trump contract on the very last hand. A member of the former team finessed successfully for the queen of diamonds and made his contract, while the declarer from the Cavendish Club played for the drop of that card and was set one trick. This bad guess cost his team 1560 points, while the match was lost by a few hundred points only. This hand enabled the "Four Horsemen" to tie my team in the number of matches won, and we ultimately lost in the play-off. In this instance we were at least spared the pangs of self-reproach, as the fatal misplay was not made by our team.

Twenty points is the smallest margin which has ever decided a team-of-four match. This occurred four years ago during the Asbury Park tournament, and an extra trick in spades or hearts on one of the thirty-two hands played would have been sufficient to reverse the result.

People who do not take their bridge seriously will probably smile indulgently, because of my having used as trenchant a word as "fatal" for "just a game." However, they will scarcely object to my calling the hand shown in the diagram a "fatal bridge hand."

This hand was dealt a few years ago in a Western city during what was intended as a friendly game between two married couples. North—husband—was set, and a heated argument ensued between husband and wife, who accused each other of poor bidding. When the wife finally called her "favorite partner" a "bum player," he countered by slapping her face. Disapproving of such card manners, she got the family revolver from a drawer, aimed at her unfortunate spouse and felled him lifeless at her feet.

While I disagree with the jury, who acquitted the woman, I must side with her as far as the bridge argument goes. To begin with, North had no opening bid and probably could have saved his life by passing originally. A second opportunity was given him in the play of the hand, as he could have made his contract. East made the questionable lead of the jack of clubs, which placed the queen in the West hand. It also indicated a short club suit. Therefore East probably held three spades, which assumption was supported by West's four-diamond bid. East had doubled, thus marking himself with the ace of hearts and there were not sufficient other high cards left to justify West's raise, unless he held a singleton.

The first trick should have been won with the king of clubs, followed by the king, ten and ace of spades. The ace of clubs and nine of clubs were then the correct plays. North should have trumped or allowed the nine to hold the trick, depending upon whether West played the queen or not. In either case dummy's club suit finally would have permitted the declarer to discard two hearts. Assuming that West played the queen of clubs to the sixth trick, North would have led a diamond and even if West took the trick and played hearts, North still could lose only two heart tricks as long as he did not have to lead the suit himself.

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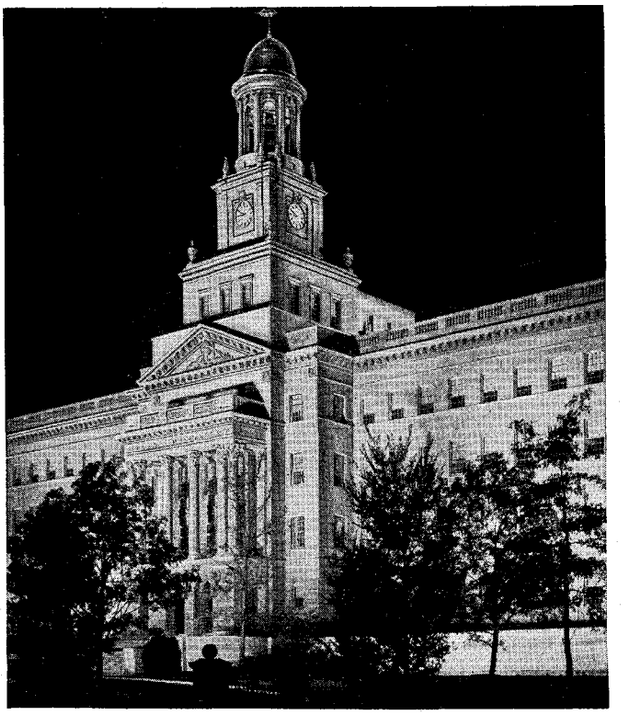
A RECORD OF PROGRESS *in* 1933



To Our Friends and Policyholders:

Again the Provident Mutual Life Insurance Company of Philadelphia reports a satisfactory record of security and progress, despite the unsettled economic conditions which prevailed during the year 1933.

Assets increased during the year from $261,387,000 to $268,225,000.

Liabilities total $249,917,000, including $5,212,000 for policyholders' dividends in 1934 and two special contingency reserves amounting to $1,575,000.

General Contingency Reserves stand at $18,308,000, slightly above last year's figures, after making provision for all liabilities and applying $1,574,000 to write down certain investment values.

Premiums and Interest received amounted to $47,700,000, as compared with $45,200,000 in 1932.

Insurance in Force declined only 4.4% to $954,411,000.

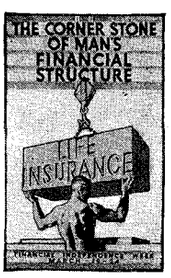
Cash and U. S. Government Securities total $15,205,000, as compared with $7,331,000 a year ago. Other bonds total $85,883,000 and stocks (mostly preferred) total $1,549,000.

Actual Market Quotations of stocks and bonds—except U. S. Government Securities—were only 9.4% below legal book values as compared with 12.5% at the end of 1932. On all bonds and stocks over 97.3% of all interest and dividend payments due in 1933 was actually received, an enviable record.

A complete copy of the Policyholders' Annual Report, containing a list of the Company's security holdings, will gladly be sent on request.

M. A. LINTON,
President.

As of December 31. 1933.



PROVIDENT MUTUAL

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Pat O'Dea, Rugby's Gift to Football

Recalling Game's Greatest Kicker, Enthusiasts Hope that Visiting Cambridge Team May Revive Dying Art of Field-Goals

By Fred Wittner

American football enthusiasts with recollections dating back to the late nineties, who have observed reluctantly the decline of the field-goal in the strategy of the modern game, await expectantly the visit of the Cambridge University rugby team. They point out that Pat O'Dea, considered the greatest American college kicker, was rugby's direct contribution to football; they believe that the example he set did much to develop such immortal punters and drop-kickers as Eckersall and Herschberger, of Chicago; Brickley, of Harvard; Thorpe, of Carlisle.

Pat O'Dea's Field-Goal Record

Yards	Game	Date
62	Wisconsin vs. Northwestern	November 15, 1898
50*	Wisconsin vs. Chicago	November 13, 1897
45	Wisconsin vs. Minnesota	October 30, 1897
40	Wisconsin vs. Minnesota	November 18, 1899
35	Wisconsin vs. Michigan	November 30, 1899

*Placement kick; others drop-kicks.

Patrick J. O'Dea came in 1896 from Australia's rugby fields to the University of Wisconsin, where his brother Andy coached crew, handball, track and some football. Between 1897 and 1899, "The Kangaroo," as he was called by teammates and opponents, introduced a quality of punting, drop-kicking and place-kicking never before seen on an American gridiron; many say for consistency it has not been duplicated.

The records would substantiate this while the legends that abound concerning the skill of his toe pale even the records. O'Dea amazed his coaches, teammates and rivals by his ability to punt and drop-kick almost the length of the field while on the run, whether in mud, a rainstorm or a blizzard. Angles meant nothing to him; he could split the crossbars from sideline or mid-field. Built for speed, over six feet and about 170 pounds, he would follow his interference as far as he could and when he saw he was about to be tackled, he would punt or drop-kick while in full stride. Altho a fundamental in Australian rugby, this was a revelation to American spectators, and opposing players would often halt, stunned by O'Dea's audacity.

The manner in which O'Dea turned up on the Badger campus is a story in itself. Andy had returned to the old sod in 1895 to visit the family and do a bit of sculling. Pat, who was ready to enter college, grew enthusiastic over his brother's accounts of America, particularly the exciting game of football. He decided that he would like to go to college in America and perhaps play that game.

"Act your age," said Andy. "Your place is here with the folks."

One afternoon shortly after Andy had returned to Madison, Wisconsin, he was talking with the coach on the field when Pat walked out of the locker rooms clad in moleskins. But the brother's surprize was as nothing compared to the shock the coach received when Pat started handling the ball. Andy had been trying unsuccessfully to get the players to kick more frequently and handle the ball cleanly rather than fall on fumbles. Pat's performances conveyed the idea; in one practise game he received a kick-off on the run and punted it right back. The opponents were so amazed that they fumbled and Wisconsin recovered.

An injury kept Pat O'Dea inactive until 1897 when he started inscribing his name in the records of kicking. Against Minnesota on October 30, 1897, he drop-kicked forty-five yards while in full stride and near the sideline. Two weeks later, against Chicago, to prove that methods made no great difference to him, he place-kicked fifty yards. The following year, in a game against Northwestern on November 15, 1898, he achieved his greatest effort, a sixty-two-yard drop-kick that observers swear continued its trajectory for twenty yards after crossing the goal-posts. The fact that a blizzard raged that day is perhaps incidental. The next year Walter Camp had a chance to marvel. Wisconsin came East to play Yale, and O'Dea averaged fifty yards with his unconventional punts.

Pat O'Dea's battered old headguard hangs in the trophy room at the University of Wisconsin, as much a testimonial of his courage as of his gridiron achievements. In 1917 when the Australian army passed through San Francisco, where he was practising law, O'Dea joined the Anzacs without informing even his brother, thus leaving the country as unostentatiously as he came. He has not been heard from since. Andy, who is now employed in a New York sporting goods firm, is certain he is an unknown soldier.

Funds for Rugby Matches

With the full approval of the Sportsmanship Brotherhood, The Literary Digest invites those sportsmen among its readers, who would have a part in establishing Rugby in America, to contribute to the financing of the matches which will be played in April.

(Checks should be made payable to: The Literary Digest Rugby Fund, 354 Fourth Ave., New York City.)

Contributors to Rugby Fund

Frank Peer Beal
John P. Bowditch
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Arthur Brisbane
Seward Cary
Elbridge T Gerry
Mason Hammond
D. K. Jay
Gustavus T. Kirby
J. T. McGovern
Devereux Milburn
William J. Ryan
Rev. John deB. Saunderson
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Boxing Goes to College

Thirteen fighters including Gene Tunney have held the world's heavyweight title since the first bare-knuckle brawl for that crown back in 1892—a crown that has never yet been worn by a college graduate. The much autobiographied Eddie Egan wavered in his chronicle on the verge of making a bid for the title. But Steve Hamas, the twenty-five-year-old alumnus of Penn State who knocked out Loughran and stopped Schmeling's comeback, has revived the case of the college boxers.

Colleges feed the best talent into every other sport, but they do not train men for professional boxing. Consider the case of the University of Virginia, the seat of learning that turns out the best college boxers. Virginia teams have won fifty out of seventy of their meets since 1922 and they have held the Southeastern Conference Championship, collegiate boxing's hardest district, five times out of the eight years of competition for that title.

Back of that record stands the work of John S. LaRowe, head boxing coach at the University of Virginia since 1926. Past sixty years old, he has never fought professionally. And now as "Father of boxing at Virginia," he teaches the true amateur spirit to the boys who learn to box under him. But he does place a typical American interpretation on the English idea of "sport for sport's sake" in that he believes and teaches in the light of two old adages: "Anything worth doing at all is worth doing well"; "The best defense is a good offense." His men box to win, after the American manner, but they learn their game in a school that does not fit a boy to buck the racket that rules the circuitous quest for the world's heavyweight crown.

Education in the Water

It would seem that swimming fits well into Utopian plans designed to make college athletics build more than biceps. In the East, Yale's Bob Kiphuth has demonstrated the fact that some swimming coaches might well be named "Professor." Farther West, Northwestern University's Tom Robinson is winding up a quarter-century as a swimming coach who has taught far more than swimming to some 2,500 pupils a year for twenty-eight years.

As a coach, he has turned out swimming teams that have won six Big Ten water polo championships, ten Big Ten Swimming championships, and five National Intercollegiate championships—all since 1914. But a record that he is more proud of was set by his pupils in 1922: In that year Northwestern undergraduates saved 458 people from drowning. And there are other significant records. For instance, his varsity swimmers have maintained a scholastic average of B-minus for twenty-four years.

Like Kiphuth, Robinson's most valuable work is building bodies that will age gracefully. He takes young bodies warped or weakened at birth or by accident and makes them feel at home in the water, enables them to build back to normal. As he puts it: "Kids are my life."

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When the Sky Rains Stone and Iron

(Continued from page 16)

of Essel in the Baltic. At least a dozen of them have been pretty certainly identified in recent years. One is near Odessa, Texas, and another, near Winslow, Arizona. Still another is in north-central Siberia where an enormous meteorite hurtled down from the sky in 1908, mowing flat more than seven hundred square miles of forest. In several cases, the craters are a mile or more across, and the greatest depth is 575 feet. How many more great comet heads lie buried beneath craters now effaced by time? How many lie hidden at the bottoms of the oceans which cover three-quarters of the earth's surface? We know that thousands upon thousands of smaller fragments are scattered everywhere.

No science is more dependent on the help of laymen than the study of meteorites. Nobody knows where the next stone will fall. Our whole knowledge of the phenomenon must come from observers who just happen to be on the spot. Even the meteorites in our museums must all come from chance finders, for no process of reason can tell us where to look for them.

I have collected almost 1,500 meteorites in my ten years of experience, and nearly all of them were found and sold to me by farmers who turned them up while plowing, and by hunters and hikers and others.

An iron meteorite is very easy to recognize. It will always be very heavy, and if newly fallen, it will be black outside. If it is an old fall, however, it will probably be reddish-brown with rust. Then quite often, but not always, it will be pitted like a lump of putty into which somebody has pushed his thumbs and fingers. Any piece of iron, not readily accounted for in some other way, should be suspected.

A stony meteorite is harder to recognize. It, too, will be heavier than the average earth stone, and will almost always be covered with a black, or rusty reddish-brown crust. Also it will often have pits in it, but the pits will seldom be as sharply defined as in the iron variety.

There are two types of stony meteorites. One, when newly fallen, looks much like a chunk of grayish-white cement, covered with a coat of black paint. The other is darker inside—sometimes quite black.

The black crust, which covers all stony meteorites when they first come to earth, turns gradually to reddish brown in the course of time; and often the surface of the stone gets to look much like the crust of a loaf of cracked-wheat bread, with similar little pimples, or flakes, scattered over it. In no case will a stony meteorite be porous like lava, or crumbly like sandstone. Nor will it ever have little bubble-holes in it like a piece of slag.

There is probably not an area five miles square anywhere in the United States, where at least one meteorite is not waiting to be found. Countless others have fallen into dust. I believe, indeed, that the very ground on which we walk is composed largely of matter which once hailed down from the sky.

"NO TRACE OF DANDRUFF", NOW, writes Maine Man

"I spent $100 on 'hair treatments,' but it took your Scalptone method to do the trick."

WATERVILLE, ME.: "I'll gamble that I have spent over $100 in 3 years on my scalp.

"I had a chronic case of dry scalp. And nothing would stop my head from itching and relieve my dandruff. At the end of every 3 days I'd have to wash my head again.

"I purchased a cake of Packer's Tar Soap and a bottle of Scalptone. Before I used up that first purchase, I noticed a great improvement. Now my scalp feels fine—no traces of dandruff whatever.

"And you've a wonderful idea about adjusting the oil in Scalptone—that certainly *sold* me." (*signed*) *Albert Roderick.*

Thanks, Mr. Roderick.

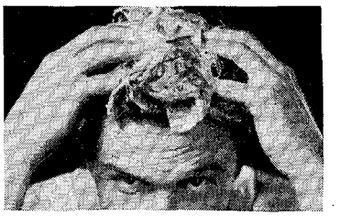
We don't promise miracles, of course. Some people who *think* they have dandruff, for example, really have more serious trouble, which needs a doctor's care.

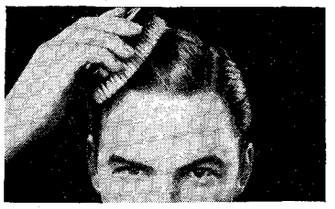
But a lot of men have written us, like you, to say that the Scalptone method (with Packer's Tar Soap and Packer's Scalptone) is the most effective way they've found to get rid of dandruff and make their hair healthy and live-looking.

Packer's Scalptone method is simple, easy to follow. And so sensible—*it's the only treatment that you can adjust to meet the conditions of your own hair.*

Packer's SCALPTONE METHOD for Dandruff

A MINUTE A DAY KEEPS DANDRUFF AWAY





STEP 1 . . . a few minutes each week with PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Give your hair a sudsy shampoo with Packer's rich, piney lather. Do this every week. There's the "health of the pines" in Packer's Tar Soap. It contains genuine pine tar and soothing, softening glycerine. For 64 years doctors have been recommending it.

STEP 2 . . . one minute every day with PACKER'S SCALPTONE

Massage the tingling goodness of Scalptone into your scalp. Rub your Scalptone mixture well in—give dandruff the works! Feel it tone up your scalp . . . see it remove the dandruff scales . . . make your head healthy—and happy, too! Do this for just a minute once a day.

And expect to be surprised when you first see Scalptone! It's *adjustable.* In the neck of every bottle there's a separate tube of oil. Scalptone is the only tonic that has this feature. You add just the right amount of oil to the tonic to have your hair the way you want it. You make your own prescription for your own hair.

After 21 DAYS

—have a look at your hair! It'll be healthy. And well-groomed. But not greasy, or plastered down. As for dandruff—well, this treatment usually checks it inside of 3 weeks. Keep up the treatments (less often, if you wish) to prevent dandruff's returning.

If, after using your first bottle of Scalptone and cake of Packer's Tar Soap, you are not satisfied with the improvement in your hair, we'll cheerfully refund the purchase price, if you'll write and tell us what you paid.

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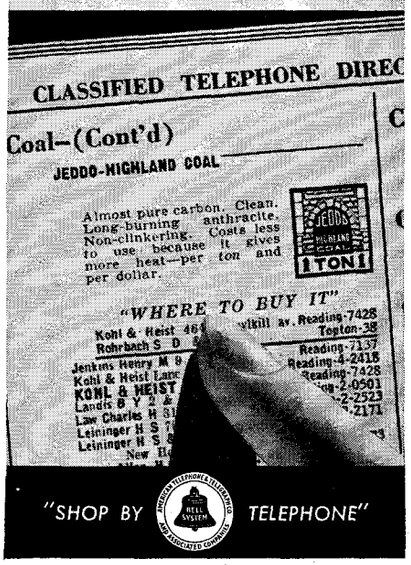
Tells who sells

Don't "shop around" for the brand you want. Look in your classified telephone book and find out who sells that brand. Authorized dealers for many advertised products are listed under the trade names of the brands they sell—as illustrated below.



The "Purging" of Russia's Communists

(Continued from page 14)

describes as a paragon of Communist virtues.

Everyone in the hall knows that the low-down Stepan is currying favor and does not believe a word he is saying, but the Commission consists of strangers and the reporters are strangers. Pencils race over paper. Stepan's eulogy, however, is like a signal. Infuriated by his toadying, men and women launch a barrage of abuse against the squirming Ivanoff. That uncle is dragged from his peaceful grave and hung around the director's neck with the implication that the blood of Czarist policemen is still in his veins. The little matter of his divorce and alimony mix-up is aired a bit by a pock-marked female known to have a "crush" on the director. That outburst of temper two years ago, when he threatened to thrash a good, in fact a noble, proletarian is repeated with added detail.

Sweat runs down Ivanoff's face into the collar of his embroidered shirt. He wonders why all his friends are such poor speakers while his enemies seem gifted orators. His self-esteem suffers body blows. Weakly, self-consciously, he tries to defend himself. After all, hasn't he served well in the civil wars? Has he not given most of his nights to social work? Isn't the factory under his guidance making strides forward?

In the end the Commission passes Ivanoff. Its verdict is tempered with reproofs. Ivanoff must watch his step—other chistkas are coming and his behavior has not been exemplary. His conduct, in the factory and at home, should serve as a model for the more backward, the less cultured comrades. But Ivanoff is satisfied. It matters little to him that the applause which greets the verdict is half-hearted, that the report will look none too good in to-morrow's papers, that his prestige has been roughly handled. He is still in the Party! That career he built up laboriously in sixteen difficult years—his position of authority, his nice apartment, his new blonde wife—all of it hung perilously in the balance. And he is safe, safe, safe . . . until the next chistka anyhow.

This scene, in manifold variations, was enacted thousands of times in all corners of the land. The cumulative melodrama of the process is evident. Everywhere lives were dredged for scandal. Skeletons were yanked gleefully from obscure cupboards. Personal tragedies and comedies were reclaimed from under alluvial deposits of time. Non-conformist views, in particular, were ferreted out and demolished. The omnipotence of "the Party"—rigidly controlled from the center and speaking in the thunderous accents of the proletariat—was making itself manifest.

The majority of the membership, of course, passed the cleansings with flying colors. Many of them emerged from the chistka laden with laurels, stronger in their positions than ever before. If secret sins were exposed, so were secret virtues. All the same, the procedure was an ordeal for nearly everyone involved.

© Sovfoto

A "chistka" in a farming village: a peasant telling the story of his life and his activities in the Communist Party

The extraordinary human stories uncovered by the chistka would easily fill volumes. Many of them spilled over into the press; more of them spread by word of mouth. The great Russian revolution is a thing of yesterday, its wounds only half-healed. Tourists and other casual observers see the relatively calm surface and can only guess at the dislocated, mangled lives underneath. We can cite only a few such stories but enough to suggest the volcanic fury under the smooth veneer of the commonplace.

A well-known journalist, in the Party since 1918, was being purged. The process was routine, since there could be small doubt of the man's standing. But at the very close someone in the audience produced a frayed yellow newspaper published in St. Petersburg before the revolution. He read an article of the "black hundred" type, inciting to anti-Jewish pogroms. He read the signature—that of the man being cleansed. For a few minutes the victim tried to evade responsibility, then he confessed. He had been editor of a reactionary sheet. After the revolution he joined the Bolsheviks and had worked faithfully ever since. He had passed previous purgings without trouble and thought his past safely buried. Now it was resurrected. He was removed from the Party, possibly arrested; in any case, his life lay around him in ruins.

A leading functionary was recounting his life's course, with the emphasis on his services to the working class. His voice was carried by radio to workers in all parts of the plant. One of these workers, several

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floors below, listened to the voice and scratched his head with a grimy finger. Where had he heard it before? Suddenly he remembered. He rushed to the meeting hall, and stared at the speaker.

"It's him! It's him!" he shouted. "Comrades, this man was a gendarme officer in our town. There was a strike. He clubbed me and called me dirty names. I shall never forget his voice, never, never!"

Proletarian Vengeance

Cross-examined, the Communist broke down and admitted his gendarme past. Nothing, after that, could save him from proletarian vengeance.

In the new Russia there is no title more revered than that of "Old Bolshevik," and Vladimir Baran-Baranchikov was one of the small and dwindling group who rated it. He held positions of trust and had the confidence of the highest in the land. He passed his own chistka, naturally, without a hitch. For an Old Bolshevik it could be no more than a formality. It was in the purging of others, in a Moscow suburb, while he served as chairman of the Commission that he came to grief.

The meeting began, as usual, with a long speech, delivered by Comrade Baranchikov as chairman. He did not notice that while he talked a crumpled piece of paper was passed up to another member of the Commission, who read it and left the room. He did not know that five minutes later a motorcycle carrying an archive from G.P.U. headquarters was speeding toward the chistka. At the end of the speech, before the applause had died down, he was asked to step out for a moment. He was arrested and probably shot within forty-eight hours.

He had been recognized as an *agent-provocateur* of the Czar's Okhrana or Secret Service. For seventeen years he had played the rôle of Old Bolshevik and now the game was up. It had occurred to no one to connect his name with one on a certain archive. Now one of his victims, a simple worker, had recognized his face.

Over and above such curious tales—they could be strung out endlessly—there were the more routine exposés. Communists who beat their wives, or engaged in speculation, or harbored dangerous political opinions. The honey-pots of power inevitably draw careerists and self-seekers, under any system ever devised.

It was to rid itself of such accretions that the chistka was conducted. Let no one imagine that it succeeded in that task. The justice which it administered was at best a rough one. Many a shrewd bureaucrat slipped unharmed through the meshes of the chistka, while honest but less adroit men were caught and crushed.

Considered in the large, however, the Kremlin may be said to have achieved its main objectives. It cast out undesirable members by the hundred thousand—especially those tending to think outside the strict limits of the orthodox catechism or "party line." It has fortified the authority of the small inner circle which holds Party power, by demonstrating the penalties of non-conformity and rewards of unquestioning discipline.

People Everywhere Are Calling It

"The World's Nightcap"

... Because It Quickly Brings Them Natural Sleep ... Entirely Without Drugs

Now There Is A Way To Get Your 8 Hours of Sound, Refreshing Sleep At Night ... A Way That Acts To Replenish And Restore Your "Vital Surplus" While You Rest

HERE'S a way to get your 8 full hours of sound sleep tonight—entirely without drugs. A way to fall asleep quickly and awaken far more rested mornings—teeming with new energy and vitality.

A way that will not only bring you refreshing sleep tonight—but acts to restore your normal tendency to sleep soundly *every night.*

It is a delicious food-drink, originally created in Switzerland and now made over here. Called Ovaltine and known as "the world's nightcap," it is taken religiously by men and women in 54 different countries today.

It contains no drugs—is not a medicine in any sense of the word. But is composed of elements processed wholly from *natural* foods.

You simply take it mixed with warm milk a few minutes before you go to bed. Then fall asleep as effortlessly as a child. And sleep all night more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months.

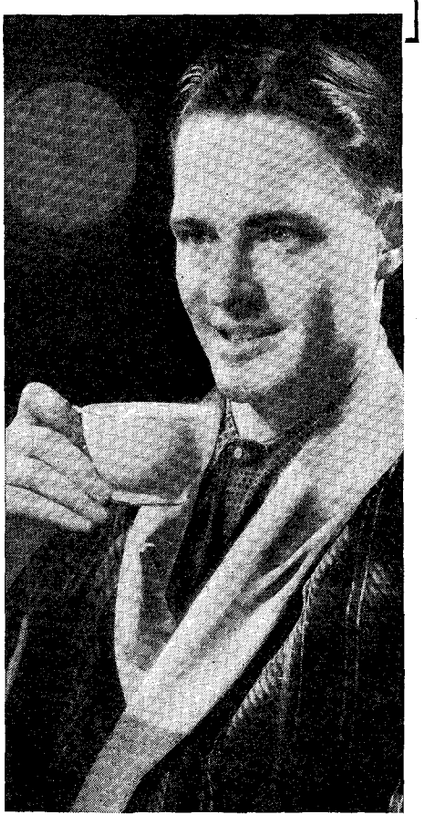
Look and Feel Like A New Person Mornings

In the morning you awaken greatly refreshed—alive, alert, and "on your toes." Brimming with youthful pep to carry you through the day.

For this unique food-drink not only brings sound sleep quickly, but actually improves the *quality* of sleep. And acts to replenish body, brain, and nerve cells *while* you sleep. So remarkable are the results achieved by Ovaltine that, during the World War, medical authorities made it a standard ration for rebuilding shell-shocked, nerve-shattered soldiers. While more than 20,000 doctors approve and use it for the health benefits it fosters.

See For Yourself

Don't judge Ovaltine merely by what users claim for it. *Try it and see for yourself.*



Now—say goodbye to sleepless nights! The delicious food-drink here described not only brings you sound sleep quickly—but multiplies your energy and "staying power" next day.

Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of it with a cup of warm milk and drink it just before you go to bed tonight. And see how quickly you fall asleep!

In the morning when you awaken, take stock. Note how much fresher you look and feel—how much steadier your nerves. So don't put up with sleepless nights any longer. Phone for a tin of Ovaltine now. You'll be glad you did!

NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.* 1048-S

WE DO OUR PART

OVALTINE

The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured in the United States according to the original Swiss formula

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Every one has cause to fear exposure

but more than most, people with low resistance!

These raw, wet days, most people are careful about wearing their rubbers and bundling up warm. They dread the after-effects of exposure. They know how difficult it often is, at this season, to stay well.

But how many make the mistake of stopping with *outward* precautions? How many fail to realize that their own physical condition also helps to determine whether exposure will affect them?

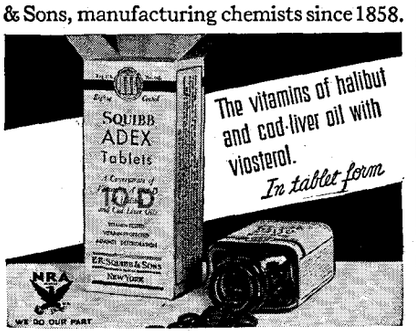
Very often they neglect the *inner* defense which is so important at this season. They ignore the hazard of *low resistance!*

If *you* lack good general resistance, begin now to build yourself up! There's an easy way to do this. With the help of *Squibb Adex Tablets-10 D!*

Squibb Adex tablets provide an abundance of the important, resistance-building factor, Vitamin A—1500 units with every tablet. They also give you in abundance the benefits of sunshine Vitamin D.

Prepared from *three* of the richest sources of these factors, halibut- and cod-liver oil and Viosterol, they differ from any other concentrate.

Take them regularly *every day*. Now at any reliable drug store. Insist on Squibb Adex! Made exclusively by E. R. Squibb & Sons, manufacturing chemists since 1858.



Among the Outstanding Books of the Week

By Harold de Wolf Fuller

Four Saints in Three Acts. By Gertrude Stein. New York: Random House; $1.

Smirt. By Branch Cabell. New York: Robert M. McBride and Company; $2.50.

As striking examples of perverse ingenuity these books by well-known American writers merit attention.

Miss Stein furnished her public with the text which she wrote for an opera by Virgil Thomson, produced last month in New York. Prompted, one may guess, by the fact that because an audience hears little and understands less of the words of opera, she has written strings of words which refuse to make sense and has trusted to the music to turn them into pictures and emotions. If this were not the outgrowth of an inveterate habit with her, one would call the whole thing a hoax. The reader may judge of her method by the following typical "sentence": "Four saints prepare for saints it makes it well well fish it makes it well fish prepare for saints." Miss Stein no doubt believes that the English language is capable of great flexibility!

Mr. Cabell has an even greater excuse for being bizarre. In an elaborate preface to "Smirt" he explains that he is going to attempt to do with a dream what no one else, not excepting Lewis Carroll, has ever done. He will draw a picture, in a full-length romance, of a "grown-up" dream. He calls his work "an urbane nightmare." Considering its range, it might be termed not a divine, but a profane comedy. For his hero, a Southern author in search of a proper public, enters the kingdom beyond the grave and lays down the law not only to God, but to the devil himself. Mr. Cabell says that this dream is to be told from the point of view of the dreamer, not from that of one who would rationalize it. Therein, mainly, lies his kinship with Gertrude Stein.

" 'Zero Weather,' remarked the black dog, 'Creeps South. Four Lives Claimed in Feud War, Five Wounded. Congress Meets in Heated Session.' " The black dog, be it noted, is a wooden creature made to hold string and perched on Smirt's radiator. This is as it should be, for this is a dream. One fancies, too, that something equally "reasonable" will hold this vast nightmare together. The author does, indeed, make some concession to the rational-minded reader. At the outset he creates a young maiden, Arachne, who is temporarily thwarted because she has forgotten the legend which gives her her very existence. Smirt promises on his honor as a Southern gentleman to rediscover this legend, even if he has to invent a new legend for her. But his concern for this maiden is hardly the burden of his song. There are dreary stretches in which Smirt, posing as a talented Southern author—not Mr. Cabell, tho by the writer's own confession he cares little whether you believe it or not—takes pot-shots at modern fashions.

The author has great fun with numerous shades, representing the great public, who ask his hero "What will be the future trend of Southern literature?" In this connection he scores our well-known papers and our well-known critics. Smirt by his fertile ideas on all manner of topics has momentarily captivated the All-Highest to such a point that the Bible to its author seems out of date. Wouldn't it be well for God to write a new book? But Smirt begs Him to go slow and to consider carefully the publicity situation at the present time.

Smirt becomes master of the gods of a special planet. His satellites worship his writings and look to him to create ideal conditions. All our modern ideas, save economics, come into the picture while this egoist has his fling. He himself concludes that an author, especially an author who is a Southern gentleman and a "Peripatetic Episcopalian," must look to himself if he will find an understanding audience.

Arachne is discovered in the end at the center of a great web which a spider woman has been fatefully spinning. She and Smirt are to set up a little shop together—if they can find the shop!

This is a work of colossal garrulity. Whether psychologists and psychiatrists will call it the genuine stuff of dreams, remains to be seen. The general reader is likely to nod over it.

Worth Reading

The Evil Empress. By Grand Duke Alexander (Philadelphia: Lippincott; $2). Catherine the Great of Russia is handled without gloves in an exciting novel by her great-great-grandson, recently deceased.

They Were Giants. By Charles Reynolds Brown (New York: Macmillan; $2). The able Dean-Emeritus of the Yale Divinity School sketches the careers of ten notable figures, including Benjamin Franklin, Phillips Brooks, and Abraham Lincoln.

The Great Physician. By Edith Gittings Reid (New York: Oxford University Press; $1.50). A personal and serviceable short life of Sir William Osler.

Julia Newberry's Sketch Book. By Tracy D. Mygatt (New York: W. W. Norton; $2.50). Readers of Julia Newberry's Diary will be grateful for this further light on an extraordinary character.

The Menace of Recovery. By William MacDonald (New York: Macmillan; $2.50). A critical summary of Roosevelt's ideas from the time of the Presidential campaign to the close of 1933.

Weymouth Sands. By John Cowper Powys (New York: Simon and Schuster; $3). The struggle between good and evil depicted by a talented novelist in the lives of very diverse commingling characters.

A Warning to Wantons. By Mary Mitchell (New York: Doubleday, Doran; $2.50). A witty and adventurous romance of southeastern Europe by an Australian making her début as a writer.

Toward the Flame. By Hervey Allen (New York: Farrar and Rinehart; $2.50). A new edition of the war-diary of the author of "Anthony Adverse."

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Current Poetry

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned. Unpublished poetry unavailable

In this poem in *Harper's* we are shown how age-old nature and youth can seem to feel the same grief over the wasting years:

HAUNTED

By Joan Lascelles Ranson

The ghost of autumn haunts the early spring.
The half-burnt umber of dead leaves
Clings to boughs new-budded with fresh green.
Among bright garlands of clustered sheaves,
The ghostly leaves of last year, half unseen
With fading strength still weakly cling,
Until the harsh wind, blowing day by day,
For the growing young makes way.
In youthful spring the dark and sadder note
Of vanished grandeur, autumn's outworn coat,
Reveals a beauty soon to fade again.
Nature beholds its youth with wistful pain,
In these new buds, so soon to turn;
Just as young men, in glimpses, learn
The outworn tiredness of the old,
Who to the tree of life still firmly hold.

Imagination turns a simple domestic ritual into a symbol of the antique chance. Quoted from *The Spectator* (London):

MAKING THE BED

By Sylvia Townsend Warner

Hearing you overhead
It was as though
In solemn dance and slow
You moved around the bed.

Step forward and retreat
And then a pause—
Hereditary laws
Of smooth adjusted sheet,

Plumped pillow truly placed,
Blanket tucked fast,
Ordered from first to last
The measure that you paced.

In tawny Egypt so
Or Hellas my mind
Still bent to look behind
Has watched the dancers go

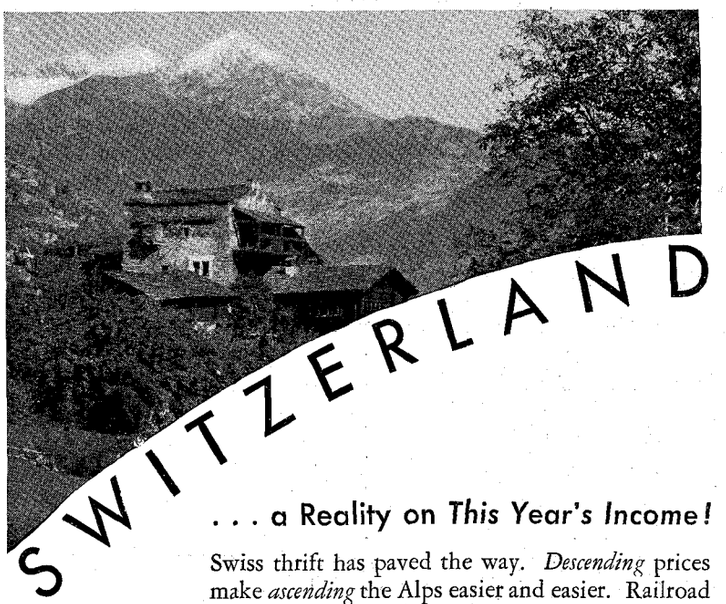
Gravely before the God
With cadenced fall
And immemorial
Of feet in ritual shod;

Nor they, to custom yoked,
Guessed further than
You launched in your pavane
How (anxiously invoked

With plea of continuance)
Man's slow and few
Steps the unchanging sue
Through mazes of a dance.

Dance to your Daddy, then!
Happy my love,
With tweak and pat and shove
Make up the bed again.

Wont's votaress, dance on!
Prepare the dark.
Altar array and ark
Of life fetched and foregone.



. . . a Reality on *This Year's Income!*

Swiss thrift has paved the way. *Descending* prices make *ascending* the Alps easier and easier. Railroad fares are reduced as much as 55% to visitors remaining 7 days. Hotels and pensions have followed suit. Now is the time to come to the Playground of the World. Switzerland has *earned* her popularity. Her welcome is warm, her prices invariably fair, her cleanliness proverbial and her scenery sublime beyond description. Here await you history, health, culture and adventure. Why accept a substitute when there is only ONE Switzerland! Plan now—see your travel agent or write us for full information. Ask for LD-2.

SWISS FEDERAL RAILROADS—475 Fifth Ave., New York City

A TRUE STORY

By A MOTHER

who takes care of her home, and works four nights a week, too

YOU'VE got to hand it to the American woman! What she has done to keep her family together through this depression will perhaps never be properly appreciated.

Here's a letter from Mrs. Edmund F. Jones, 2721 West Meinecke Avenue, Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Let her tell her own story.

"These days I certainly have to be mighty careful of my health, because besides doing all my own washing, ironing, cooking, and cleaning for a family of four, including two children, I help earn the family living, too, so I am employed four nights a week.

"I have been using Nujol *for nearly ten years*, and I still find it to be the one and only remedy for family use. In fact it makes other remedies unnecessary, because its use seems to banish common ailments. When you take Nujol regularly you never seem to have that tired, run-down feeling! Is it because it gets rid of all the sluggish body poisons?

"This picture I am sending you is of Patricia, who is five, and Bobby, who is two, but it doesn't really do them justice. I wish you could see their sparkling eyes, healthy, clear color, and see how full of pep they are. Both children take Nujol regularly. Patsy Ann has thrived on it more than four years, and Bobby ever since he was six months old.

"Once before I wrote you a letter about Nujol which you published, and people wrote me about it from California, Kansas, Canada, and all over the country. They wanted to be sure what I said was true; they wanted to be convinced by me before they tried Nujol. Well, I guess they are all on Nujol now!"

Nothing we could add to Mrs. Jones' letter would make it any more convincing. Follow her example. See what Nujol will do for you—bring your children up on it and make them regular as clockwork. Get it at any drug store, now in two forms, plain Nujol and Cream of Nujol, the latter flavored and often preferred by children.

What is your Nujol story? If you have been using Nujol for ten years or more, if you are bringing up your children on it, tell us. Address Stanco Inc., Dept. F-7, 2 Park Avenue, New York City.

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Youngest War Lord Returns to Smoldering Asia

Chang Hsueh-liang Suddenly Quits Study of British Army, Retraces Steps to Far-Eastern Scene of Former Power, and China Observers Ponder Significance

By Philip Kerby

CHINA'S youngest Marshal, the former military Governor of Manchuria and commander of sixteen divisions, spent the last six months of 1933 living in quiet seclusion in one of the smart London suburbs. Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang's chief occupation, during the half-year visit, was the intensive study of the tactics, equipment and personnel of several crack British regiments. Originally he had intended to spend a six-month period in the United States, also, but instead he has returned to China by the shortest route possible and, consequently, observers of the Far-Eastern scene feel justified in believing that Asia is smoldering once more.

Dear as pomp and splendor are to the heart of every Oriental, Marshal Chang issued strict instructions through his own Legation during his London visit, that he wished to be accorded none of the special honors befitting his rank. He wished to visit Sandhurst, Aldershot, and other training fields as a simple tourist. His inherent modesty and desire for privacy made a distinct impression on British journalists with the result that the Marshal's goings and comings received only the briefest comment in the daily press.

There are some keen students of Weltpolitik who profess to see in the young Marshal's protracted stay in England something more than his desire to understand the British "Manual of Arms." Some have even voiced the thought that in the event of hostilities between Japan and Russia he might easily seize the opportunity to regain his lost provinces, provided he received outside support in the form of private loans for the purchase of munitions and material. It would certainly be to Great Britain's interest to have a strong Anglophile governing the buffer States, an ally in fact if not in name who could keep a protective eye on Britain's several hundred million pounds sterling of vested interests. Marshal Chang's return to China gives increased color to these reports.

More than any other military leader in the Far East, Chang Hsueh-liang's name is a storm-center whenever foreigners meet. He has been called China's Prince of Wales, because his easy grace of manner, sportsmanship, brilliant military victories, and supersalesmanship of Manchuria have won him international recognition. His enemies, who at present outnumber his friends, aver that he allowed his glorious heritage of the three extramural provinces of China to slip through his fingers while he played mah jong or danced with Treaty Port débutantes. While it is true that Japan has successfully established the buffer State of Manchukuo and eliminated the young Marshal's influence in North China, nevertheless the youthful war lord still exerts a magnetic influence on the minds and hearts of his countrymen and it is quite possible that as the pendulum of fortune swings in the opposite direction Marshal Chang will swing with it and return to power in Manchuria.

Chang Hsueh-liang is a Chinese paradox. Deftly to pigeonhole him in any one of several categories is impossible because he simply does not fit. He plays contract at twenty-five cents a point, mah jong and stud poker for table stakes, goes around eighteen holes consistently in the early

Keystone

Marshal Chang Hsueh-liang

eighties, is a dangerous opponent on the polo field and a yachtsman of no mean ability. It is quite true that he skips about from battlefield to battlefield and from province to province in his tri-motor cabin plane which he frequently pilots himself.

Marshal Chang told me several times that his greatest ambition was to come to America to see for himself the practical working out of efficiency methods.

"In China we have a proverb," he said, "which runs, 'if not this generation, then the next, will finish the task.' It is this damnable *laissez-faire* attitude which has been China's ruination. Our government in Manchuria prospered because insofar as possible we adopted American efficiency methods in raising the standards of living of our 11,000,000 population, three-quarters of whom moved outside the Wall during the last decade. We have established hydro-electric plants far in the interior, which supply both light and power for the operation of large silk and cotton mills. Three branch railways are under construction through the virgin forests of the north to act as additional feeders for the main trunk lines. A military road building program was planned to open up additional thousands of square miles to agriculture and commerce."

In answer to my natural inquiry as to why he had never visited the United States, Marshal Chang replied that during the period of reconstruction and colonization the head of the firm must remain at home.

"One day the time will come . . . " he invariably added.

The opportunity to travel abroad came, however, quite unexpectedly and not at all in the manner Marshal Chang would have wished. His friend and ally Gen. T'ang Yu-lin turned traitor last March and escaped through the west gate of Chaoyang as the Japanese cavalry advance guard entered the east. Altho Gen. Chiang Kai-chek telegraphed the young Marshal repeatedly that reenforcements were on the way, a freight car was suspiciously wrecked across the main line of the Peking-Mukden railway and they were prevented from arriving until it was too late. The Chinese student body excoriated Chang for his defeat at Shanhaikwan and in Jehol, and they threw a bomb over the wall of his house in Shanghai. Fortunately it splashed harmlessly in a pool of gold fish. The bomb was the culmination of his misfortune since it was tangible evidence of repudiation by his own. Two days later he resigned command of his sixteen divisions and witnessed the ceremony of their incorporation into China's national army. Three weeks later accompanied by Madame Chang he sailed for Italy on a slow journey around the world.

No one can prophesy with any degree of accuracy which side Marshal Chang would favor in the event of hostilities between Japan and Russia. His father, the famous Chang Tso-lin, began his rise to fame and fortune as military dictator of the North by raising a "regiment of rough riders" and successfully harassing the Russian left flank during the previous Russo-Japanese war. At an early age the son was sent to Japan to complete his military training and in consequence made many important friends among present-day leaders of the war party. And yet, Chang Hsueh-liang's father was allegedly assassinated by a Japanese bomb and he himself fought bitterly against the flower of the Japanese army less than twelve months ago.

An alliance with Russia? Impossible! He is far too shrewd, no matter how desperate, ever to invite "the bear" to bathe his paws in warm tide water.

A neutral? Why not? With a powerful and friendly British fleet maneuvering off Weihaiwei even a leader of less courage than this able Manchurian Marshal could very well adopt an attitude of strict neutrality successfully.

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Topics in Brief

If silence is golden, we fear Vice-President Jack Garner is guilty of hoarding.—*St. Louis Post-Dispatch.*

Why is it that whenever those Parisians stage discord they use the Place de la Concorde?—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

Every new disarmament plan seems designed to bring a little new hope to the munitions manufacturers.—*San Diego Union.*

Greece has again told Mr. Insull that he has got to get out of the country, but he may not believe it this time either.—*Indianapolis News.*

No, the blue eagle's color isn't fading. It merely appears less conspicuous against the brightening sky.—*Dunbar's Weekly (Phoenix).*

One trouble about present protestations of peace is that they can't be heard clearly over the noise of armament construction.—*Virginian-Pilot.*

The average mental age during the last war was computed to be twelve. If anybody gets us into another, twelve will seem high.—*Detroit News.*

The problem of the Stock Exchange appears to be to devise some plan for being good that will not interfere with business.—*Indianapolis News.*

Higher prices for silver, we read, will also stimulate gold mining. That is, whar thar's silver threads among the gold in them hills.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

One way to describe Adolf Hitler's first year is merely to report that among the Germans now in exile are five winners of Nobel prizes.—*Buffalo Courier-Express.*

A britisher ate half a gallon of ice cream at one sitting and received a prize of two guineas. But how much did the doctor charge him?—*Manchester Union.*

Overlooking the Pearl

—Bishop in the St. Louis *Star-Times*

Russia and Cuba have been recognized—and the Republican party is beginning to be hopeful.—*Tampa Tribune.*

Once in a while you hear a popular song that really is good. But most of them are just fair to maudlin.—*Punch (London).*

Those dull thuds you hear these days are the bootleggers kicking themselves for not having the sense to call it "blending" instead of cutting.—*Judge.*

Isn't It a Little Early for Canonization?

—Duffy in the Baltimore *Sun*

The liquor-consuming public has strong objections to paying unreasonable prices for poor liquor except when it's illegal.—*Southern Lumberman (Nashville).*

Our only advice to any professor who may think of accepting that proposed chair of humor is to make sure that it's there when he starts to sit down in it.—*Boston Herald.*

Nearly two hundred persons now claim to have seen the sea-serpent up in Scotland. The only explanation we think of is that it doesn't cost anything. — *Portland Oregonian.*

Manhattan Island was originally bought from the Indians for $24. It will take immensely more than that to get it away from the Tammany tribe.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

"Any producer who cannot afford to pay chorus girls the minimum wage," Eddie Cantor nightly says, "should go back to peddling shoestrings." Instead of using same for costumes.—*The New Yorker.*

Courage and capital are needed most to insure complete revival of business. The discouraging phase of the outlook is that those with the capital are too timid and those with the courage have no capital.—*New Orleans States.*

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The Tennessee Valley, A Prevision of Utopia

(Continued from page 6)

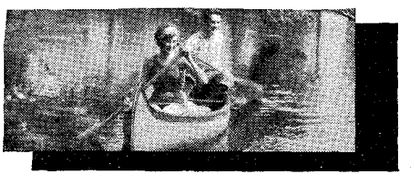
take this with a smile. Just what they can do about it remains to be seen, however.

But there will be a fight and the brunt of it must be borne by the Tennessee Valley Authority since that is the most prominent plumed head now showing above the ramparts. There are various ways to wage this fight besides launching a cavalry charge in the open. Being careful men, the directors of the Tennessee Valley Authority have proceeded slowly with their dam building lest they find themselves with a dam in the wrong place or not on a solid rock foundation. This has been displeasing to many of the Valley people who are impatient for jobs. After all, the Valley project is part of the public works program and all of it has lagged behind the needs of a national emergency. Moreover, the Valley Authority has proceeded slowly in other ways that are characteristic of college men. Before they had put a thousand men on the payrolls they had evolved the rules, based on civil-service rules, providing for the firing of employees.

The Authority is not going to find all fair winds, either, when it sails into the delicate waters of diplomatic dealing with people of the Tennessee Valley. They are proud and touchy. Speaking for myself alone, I should find no pleasure whatever in telling one of those farmers that he was backward even if I found him plowing furrows straight up and down a steep hill-side with one ox and a wooden plow. Duels have been fought for lesser cause in that country. There will also be the recurring need to go to Congress for more money because no one knows what all of this will cost. The Authority begins work with fifty millions of dollars, but the Norris Dam alone will cost that much eventually. Congress hasn't been too happy on the subject of patronage under the new Administration. Somebody or something is going to be the scapegoat for its wrath. Since the Tennessee Valley is completely exempted from political influence and even instructed by law not to tolerate it, why not the Tennessee Valley Authority? I don't know.

It is earnestly to be hoped that none of these storm-clouds lets loose a hurricane for here is a body of men strikingly qualified to do the main job. Doctor Morgan, the chairman, is an engineer who has superintended and planned more than seventy water-control projects, among them the great reclamation system for the St. Francis Valley of Arkansas. Dr. Harcourt A. Morgan was president of the University of Tennessee for fifteen years and has fought the boll-weevil and the cattle-tick, knee to knee, with the people of the South for most of his sixty-six years. He ought to know his people. Mr. Lilienthal not only won his utilities fights in Wisconsin, but drafted a set of laws that has been copied far and wide by other States. If there is a fighting chance for such a noble experiment as this in a country where Congressmen are still elected to office every two years, these men are as likely a triumvirate as one could nominate to steer it through the whirlpools.

Two of you AND A CANOE



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On the Current Screen

The cinema is at its most typical when it is being elaborate. Tho essentially a democratic medium, presumably concerned with the simpler things of life, it is never so happy as when it can put on a display. It loves lavishness, ostentation, expensiveness, and sheer magnitude. It is one of the axioms of the screen that a hundred dollars should never be spent when a few thousand will do just as well.

For this taste in lavishness there are several explanations. In the first place, the screen has always been to most of its followers a source of wish-fulfillment. The majority of its patrons have been people who led simple lives; whose great concern has been to exist as inexpensively as possible. Economies have played so great a part in their consciousness that when they took time out from the realistic problems of their waking and sleeping hours they have longed for an ideal existence. They have wanted to see handsome clothes, extravagant settings, huge parties, living rooms of enormous proportions and all the other signs of comfort and wealth. There is, however, another reason for the cinema's concern with mere bigness, a reason that has to do with the essential qualities of the screen. It is one of the advantages of the films over the stage that they have had room to move about in; that they have been in a position to have larger sets, a greater number of actors, more elaborate clothes and parties.

This gift and, at the same time, this weakness for ostentation was, in the days of the silent films, chiefly displayed in the extravagant spectacles turned out by Cecil B. De Mille, but at the moment it is shown in the film musical comedies that emerge so frequently from Hollywood, chiefly from the studios of the Warner Brothers. It has frequently been noted by observers that the cinema has a curious way of making its musical numbers a carefully realistic part of a backstage story and then producing them, presumably scenes from a Broadway stage show, as pretentious affairs that couldn't possibly be staged in the largest Broadway theater. This propensity may not make for narrative realism, but it is quite understandable. The screen magnates are merely taking a very natural advantage of their capacity for presenting elaborate numbers of the type the theater would stage if it had the equipment.

Courtesy of Warner Brothers

A scene from "Wonder Bar," latest of the musical-comedy films

The latest of the musical-comedy films is **Wonder Bar (AA)** featuring Al Jolson. The scene of the new work, a musical drama, rather than a musical comedy, is supposed to be a Paris cabaret, but the numbers that are staged in it could only have been managed in an auditorium the size of the Yale Bowl. There are two big numbers in the picture, the first a handsome and tasteful chorus maneuver in black and white, done against a series of mirrors. It is one of the best things yet produced by Busby Berkeley, the most skilful director at this type of show. The other is called "Going to Heaven on a Mule," a sort of fantastic musical version of "The Green Pastures," but unfortunately manipulated with a minimum of taste and imagination. The story, dealing with the killing of a wicked gigolo by his dance partner, is of little help, but the vitality of Al Jolson is of considerable assistance, as is the rare beauty of Dolores Del Rio and the playing of Ricardo Cortez as the dancing partner. ARGUS.

CURRENT FILM RATINGS

AAAA	AAA
The Private Life of Henry VIII, Quatorze Juillet, Counsellor at Law, Queen Christina, *Lady for a Day, *S.O.S. Iceberg, *F.P.1, *The Prize-fighter and the Lady, *Little Women, *Cradle Song, Catherine the Great.	*Paddy the Next Best Thing, *The Kennel Murder Case, *Christopher Bean, Lady Killer, I Was a Spy, Nana, *This Side of Heaven, *It Happened One Night, The Mystery of Mr. X, Death Takes a Holiday.

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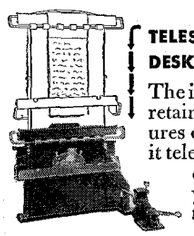

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The Lexicographer's Easy Chair

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To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

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actor, actress.—"M. M.," Philadelphia, Pa.—Altho the term *authoress*, and quite a number of words with such feminine endings have become obsolescent, the term *actress* still finds favor; in fact, one rarely hears of an *actress* being called an "actor."

adjourn.—"L. M.," Elmhurst, Ill.—This verb may be used either transitively or intransitively. Hence it is equally correct to say, "The meeting *adjourned*," or, "The meeting *was adjourned*."

Bali.—"A. M.," New York City.—*Bali* is a sacrifice to local deities—the earth and air deities and field spirits—to the remains of deceased ancestors, and to the Hindu gods, Siva, Vishnu, their consorts, and incarnations. In Ceylon, the term *Bali* is used to indicate the worship of heavenly bodies. The *Baliya* are clay images made in representation of the individual, which are destroyed at the close of Bali ceremonies.

can-can.—"C. E. P.," Oak Terrace, Minn.—This is a French term and is defined, "a dance introduced at public balls in Paris about 1830, in which the usual figures of the quadrille are diversified by high kicking, and other violent, grotesque, or indecently suggestive movements."

client.—"D. A. P.," Brooklyn, N. Y.—*Client* is usually restricted to lawyers and engineers. It has been expanded by persons who wish to be different from the crowd, so that it now is sometimes heard in other fields. Nevertheless, a careful student says "a tradesman's *customers*," "a doctor's *patients*," and "a lawyer's *clients*."

siren.—"A. R. H.," Woodstock, N. Y.—The correct pronunciation of this word is *sai'ren—ai* as in *aisle*, *e* as in *get*.

Thames River (Conn.)—"S. P.," Groton, Conn.—The records available do not indicate when the pronunciation of this river was first given as the word is spelled. By the time American dictionaries began to record the pronunciations of early American place-names, the local pronunciations were so well established that the reasons for such pronunciations had been lost. The name of this river is locally and generally given to rime with *shames*, with the "h" sounded. Recently the pronunciation *tames* has been promulgated—probably an attempt to modify the early pronunciation into some semblance of that given to the English river of the same spelling.

The *River Thames* in England has always borne the pronunciation *temz;* in fact, in the earliest literature, the spelling is shown as *Temes*. The "h" was not inserted until about the year 1500, but this insertion did not affect the pronunciation.

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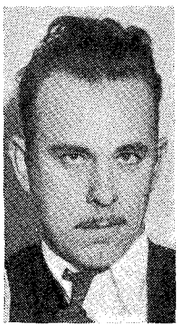
Crime-Ridden America Blushes for Its Jails

The Tragic Farce of Dillinger's Escape Is Seen as Blowing Up National Storm of Shame and Indignation

At Crown Point, Indiana, on March 3, John Dillinger, "the country's worst outlaw since Jesse James," broke out of the county jail, where he had been lodged with special precautions on January 30. His sole weapon was an imitation pistol which he had whittled out of wood.



Keystone

John Dillinger

He took with him a Negro fellow prisoner, Herbert Youngblood, and kidnaped Deputy Sheriff Ernest Blunk, whom he took for a long ride in the speedy car of the woman sheriff of the county, Mrs. Lillian Holley, who had declared that he could never escape from the Crown Point jail. Blunk was released unharmed. Two days later he and a turnkey were held on charges of aiding Dillinger's escape.

Dillinger took with him the jail's two machine guns. In leaving, he locked up thirty-three persons—deputies, jail employees and prisoners.

This tragic farce of a wooden pistol and wooden-headed jail keepers has blown up a national storm of shame and indignation, voiced in newspaper comment from coast to coast. All agree that, as an object lesson of scandalous futility or corruption, or the two in combination, nothing more stinging than the Dillinger getaway could have been invented by the greatest satiric genius bent on lashing the nation into sweeping reforms in the handling of its crime situation.

The smooth, almost effortless escape of that detestable human hyena, coming on top of all the trumpet blowing and bragging of the special security with which he was to be guarded this time, and attended with all the absurdities of whittled broomstick pistol, and other details of incredible buffoonery—all that made for laughter, but it was the painful, strained laughter of national humiliation, with a gritting of the teeth to follow.

Such is the condensed impression produced by a review of wrathful editorials on the Dillinger fiasco. Without the note of rather forlorn hope that the very depth of the humiliation might germinate a seed of reform, the total reaction would be one of unmitigated despair over the sorry mess of county jail management throughout the three thousand and more counties of the forty-eight States, with their army of political sheriffs and sheriffs' wives or widows, blonde or brunette, each with her star, her pistol and her vanity case. Which is not to imply that the feminine incumbents of shrieval functions throughout this fair land have done very much worse than some of the men, because that would be impossible.

An experienced penologist, by the way, has just informed The Literary Digest that many sheriffs' wives regularly perform their husbands' official duties while the elected sheriffs themselves thriftily pursue outside lines of business. This privilege is a recognized perquisite of county politics, according to The Digest's informant. Friend Wife runs the county jail as she would a big boarding house, and few if any complaints have been heard of such a happy couple suffering economically by that form of domestic cooperation.

At Crown Point, on the other hand, Mrs. Lillian Holley was the actual sheriff, having been elected to that office in succession to her late husband. In the emotional moments following the news of Dillinger's escape she was quoted as vowing that if she found him she would shoot him dead with her own pistol.

The escape of Dillinger "gives Indiana an unforgettable scandal," according to the Chicago *Tribune*. "The circumstances are such that altho the direct responsibility is on county officials the whole political structure of the State is suspect. If that structure is taken apart the explanation may be found.

"Dillinger's return to the State, after the Arizona police caught him and the other gangsters, was something of a triumph, but not, it would seem, of the law. There was more of the homecoming of a popular boy, and the misguided State's attorney allowed himself to be photographed with his arm affectionately on the shoulders of the killer. The scene was shocking to the proprieties—the law and crime just pals together. In much that is maudlin and vicious in the administration of criminal law this episode made an impression all its own, a notable achievement.

"The probability of collusion in Dillinger's escape is too large to be dismissed. Other explanations must deal with more feeblemindedness and imbecility than are expectable even in Indiana politics. Dillinger in late September was the outside criminal who managed the escape of ten convicts from the penitentiary at Michigan City. That was a political scandal which is still raw. In October Dillinger was arrested in Lima, Ohio, as a bank robber. Three of the convicts he had released from the Indiana prison took him out of the Lima jail and killed the sheriff.

"The gang then began to raid the country. Banks in Racine, Chicago, and East Chicago were robbed, two policemen were killed and seven other banks raided in Ohio and Indiana may have been victims of these criminals. Three murders are directly traceable to the Indiana prison break, a disgraceful record which the Arizona police were thought to have ended. These shrewd and quick shooting officers got the gangsters who had broken from prisons and police traps.

"Dillinger has put an indelible stain upon the administration of criminal law in the State. Explanations will not take it away."

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Ex-Lax is as gentle as it is pleasant. And that's important! for you don't want harsh, violent action. You want a laxative to be effective—but gentle. Ex-Lax works overnight without over-action. It doesn't cause stomach pains.

So next time when you have to "take something," get Ex-Lax! See how pleasant it is to take—and how much better you feel afterwards.

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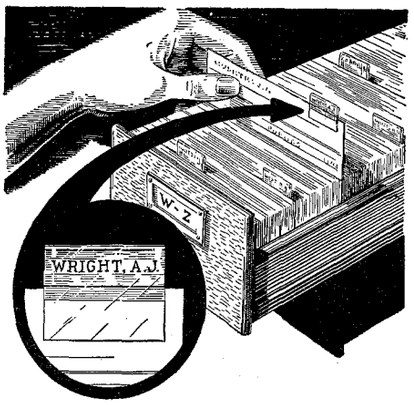

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Foresee New Politico-Economic Setup

But Educational Leaders Believe Fascist or Communist Control in the Near Future Unlikely for America

Sixty college and university presidents in the United States have told the Cincinnati *Post* that they believe America is unlikely to go under Fascist or Communist control in the near future. But many of them believe that the individualistic system of society and government is passing and that there will be a greater measure of government control than in the past.

These views were expressed in replies to a questionnaire sent out by *The Post*. There was a striking unanimity of opinion that there is not "any early likelihood" of Fascist or Communist control in the country. On the other hand many of the educational leaders envisaged an entirely new governmental-economic setup for the future, without elimination, however, of capitalism or the profit motive, as the replies are summarized by Carl D. Groat, editor of *The Post*. The love of democracy is too strongly implanted in American citizens, it was said by many, to permit the country to swing far either to the right or the left.

Toward Mass Rule

However, President L. D. Coffman, of the University of Minnesota, maintained that "the drift in America undoubtedly is away from democracy to mass rule," adding that if the present national recovery plan fails and "if America continues to maintain a militant nationalistic policy we shall, in my opinion, be faced before another spring with the possibility of a Fascist State." "It would be idle to say that we, who are offsprings of European stocks and civilization, are immune from the same forces which now clutch certain nations of Europe," replied Dr. Raymond Walters, president of the University of Cincinnati. He counseled critical comparison of Fascism and Communism with the liberalism of democracy and stronger inculcation of the intellectual approach to liberalism in our universities.

President Ernest M. Hopkins, of Dartmouth, himself once a corporation executive, wrote:

"It seems to me that the logical and desirable future governmental-economic form will be private industrial development, management and ownership under governmental regulation. Periods of transition are inevitably painful, but I believe that small establishments will gradually be absorbed into larger . . . and that competition in the sense in which we have known it will desirably disappear to join individualism, Jeffersonian democracy, Republican protection of special interests and other relics of a bygone age."

President Homer P. Rainey, of Bucknell University, holds that we are moving, "toward a democratic socialism in which we shall keep the main forms of our democratic institution, but with a great deal of social control of both business and government."

"We shall have an increase in controlled economics in the years to come," replied President Ernest O. Holland, of Washington State College, while Vice Chancellor David H. Bishop, of the University of Mississippi, warned that "if the capitalistic group is too selfish or too stupid to realize that a new day is here, a radical change in the political structure of our government will come within twenty years."

Federal Anti-Lynching Bill

A Federal anti-lynching bill, sponsored by Senator Edward P. Costigan of Colorado and Senator Robert Wagner of New York, is now being considered by the Senate Judiciary Committee. Under the bill a penalty of five years' imprisonment or a $5,000 fine or both might be placed upon any State officer who failed to exercise diligence in protecting those in his charge from mob assaults, or who failed to do his part in apprehending and convicting lynchers.

Federal courts would be given the jurisdiction to try cases of this nature when the State instrumentalities of justice gave ample evidence of their inability or unwillingness to enforce their own law. Any county in which a person was put to death by a mob would forfeit $1,000, which might be recovered in a suit in the name of the United States for the use of the family or dependent parents of the victim, if any, and otherwise for the use of the United States.

The bill has the backing of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, and grows out of the nearly 200 per cent. rise in the number of lynchings which took place last year.

Advertising Sign Removal

The ever-present problem of the billboards which dot the countryside are again up for consideration in State legislations throughout the country in regard to safety and scenic pleasure.

California's Outdoor Advertising Act of 1933 allowed a six months' period of grace ending February 22, 1934. Following this date all signs which tend to increase the danger to driving, boards located near curves, intersections, underpasses, bridges, or drainage channels, will be removed by public employees.

Col. Frederick Stuart Greene, Superintendent of Public Works in New York State, conducts a fight against the erection of offending signs without benefit of law. By erecting demountable screens of cedar saplings woven together by five double strands of wire before the billboards Colonel Green frequently persuades the advertiser to remove his billboard—there's no value in a sign which can not be seen. Fearing that the law may prohibit further action along this line various organizations are seeking legislation to restrict outdoor advertising signs.

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Army Ace To Seek New Stratosphere Record

Capt. Albert W. Stevens, World-Famous for High-Altitude Photography, Will Fly in June Into Mysterious Region of the Upper Air, in Largest Balloon Ever Constructed

By S. R. WINTERS

IN June of this year, somewhere in the northern great plains region, Capt. Albert W. Stevens, ace flying photographer of the United States Army Air Corps, with Maj. William E. Kepner as pilot, will set out on the National Geographic Society-Army Air Corps Stratosphere Flight, to reach perhaps the ceiling of the stratosphere, fifteen miles or more above the surface of the earth.

Sixth to explore that mysterious region of the upper air by balloon since Capt. Hawthorne Gray, U.S.A., lost his life in an open basket ascent in 1927, Captain Stevens will attempt to better the eleven-mile record of Lieut.-Commander Thomas G. W. Settle, U.S.N., and the nearly thirteen-mile unofficial record of the Soviet Russian ascent in January, 1934. His 3,000,000-cubic-foot hydrogen balloon, the largest ever constructed and big enough to enclose an eleven-story hotel, will be five times the size of Settle's ship and three and a half times the Russian ship. Estimates based on this size indicate that he may penetrate beyond the uniform chill of the stratosphere zone into the earth's protective blanket of ozone, a region of possibly higher temperatures, warmed by the bombardment of the cosmic rays.

In the nine-foot enclosed gondola, the size of a small bedroom, innumerable automatic instruments will be crowded, for trapping samples of stratosphere air, testing the concentration of ozone, finding a new and accurate measurement of altitude, recording temperature gradients, testing mass air movements which determine weather, and catching any spores, germs or dust particles that may live so far from the earth's surface. Many of these instruments have been modified and perfected by Captain Stevens himself, and the balloon's descent to earth will be made safer by a new device he invented—a kind of compressed air-brake release for the valve ropes above the gas bag which heretofore could only be released by hand through an open port-hole, thus sacrificing the air-tightness of the gondola.

A True Scientist

Captain Stevens is already world famous for his high-altitude photography. But to his friends he is a quiet, unassuming New Englander, a woman-shy bachelor, refusing to be lionized. With the true scientist's turn of mind, he is completely absorbed in his life-work of aerial exploration, stubbornly preferring an evening of conjecture on the challenge of the stratosphere to the most attractive of dinner invitations. A native of Belfast, Maine, where he was born in March, 1886, he took his B.S. and M.S. degrees at the University of Maine. Enlisted in the Air Corps during the World War, the dangerous work of photographing enemy positions in France brought him two citations for bravery, and set the pace for his peace-time exploits ever since.

He was one of the pioneers in high-altitude flying, and as early as 1922 made a parachute jump from 24,200 feet. On February 27, 1929, with Lieut. Harry Johnson as pilot, he reached 35,611 feet, a record for a bi-plane and practically in the stratosphere, usually thought to begin at about seven miles up.

At Wright Field, in Dayton, Ohio, where he is stationed now, he had the Baron Munchausen experience in October, 1928, of flying around with Capt. St. Clair Streett at

Official Photograph U. S. Army Air Corps

Capt. Albert W. Stevens

an altitude of 34,000 feet with oxygen and gasoline rapidly disappearing, and unable to get down to earth again. As he tells of this experience:

"I thought to myself, 'Why in thunder doesn't he reduce the engine speed and get us down out of here?'

"What had happened was that the intense cold during the comparatively long stay at ceiling had shrunk the metal parts of the throttle and supercharged controls so that they were immovable. That is, Captain Streett could not shut the engine off. And yet at this speed or a lower speed, it started to climb again. In short, we couldn't get down below 34,000 feet."

The two veteran fliers, however, emerged successfully from this predicament by a "dead stick" landing after their plane had dropped 20,000 feet without any gasoline in its tanks.

On this flight with Streett, Captain Stevens reached an altitude of 39,150 feet and made the only complete record obtained in America of thermometer readings every few hundred feet between the earth and stratosphere. It is hoped to take this "temperature gradient" up to 80,000 feet on this summer's balloon flight.

Stevens's career has been crowded with dramatic and historic incidents, that make a fitting preamble to voyages in the stratosphere. In August, 1932, flying at 26,000 feet for an eclipse expedition in Maine, he "found money in the moon" by winning the National Geographic Society $1,000 prize for the first photograph ever made of the moon's advancing shadow upon the earth. He was the first to make aerial night photographs of the Capitol and White House, using flash bombs with twenty-five pounds of magnesium the night before the Hoover inauguration in 1929. Another unique photograph of his—the first ever to show laterally the curvature of the earth—was made from a plane at 21,000 feet over central Argentina.

His account of his ten months of air exploration over the Upper Amazon basin with the 1924 Hamilton Rice Expedition to Brazil reads like the purest romance. There he mapped country unknown to white men, flying week after week above the vast virgin jungle of the Parima Range, where a forced landing would mean almost certain death either from the river rocks and rapids or from the savage Guahribas Indians.

Remarkable Record

The 14,000-mile aerial photographic tour of the American Northwest with Lieut. J. D. Corkville, which brought him the coveted Mackay Trophy award for 1929, set a milestone in the history of long-range photography. The difficulties were enormous for aerial mapping in a country where the contours vary from 5,000 to 12,000 feet within twenty-five miles and where even on clear days the haze limits eye visibility to twenty-seven miles. Yet it was on this trip that he made his famous photograph of Mt. Rainier, at 227 miles, with Mt. St. Helena, Mt. Hood, Mt. Jefferson, Mt. Washington and the Three Sisters successively nearer the camera. Most of this vast panorama was entirely invisible to the naked eye, and the photograph—a slow snapshot of about one-fifth of a second—was made by infra-red rays passing through a heavy ray filter over the lens.

Later, in January, 1932, during a mapping project of the Sacramento and San Joaquin River valleys, he made a photograph of Mt. Shasta from 331.2 miles, showing over 7,000 square miles of territory—the longest range ever achieved and the greatest amount of the earth's surface ever shown on a single negative.

In reviewing the Mackay Trophy award, Maj.-Gen. James E. Fechet, former Chief of the Army Air Corps, said of Captain Stevens and his work:

"It is typical of him that last summer, in attempting to shield an intricate aerial camera from a fall, he took a bad fall himself and broke his arm rather than allow one of his cameras to suffer harm. His hard work and devotion to duty are a by-word in the Air Corps."

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See Federal Aid To Schools As Imperative

Teachers, at Two Conventions, Also Urge the Necessity of a Workable and Planned Economic Structure

Judging by reports from two big annual educational conventions just closed at Cleveland—the Department of Superintendence of the National Education Association, and the Progressive Education Association—the school teachers of the nation have experienced two changes of thought. Faced with the closing of thousands of schools, they have begun to see Federal aid on a large scale as inevitable, and, secondly, they have discovered that if there is to be a healthy national school system there must first be a workable and planned economic structure.

The first item—Federal aid—was uppermost in the minds of the educators when they gathered for the N.E.A. meetings. There was a feeling of inevitable collapse of American education unless Federal aid were forthcoming immediately. Last March, a year ago, the nation's banks closed by the thousands. This March the teachers are witnessing the closing of thousands of schools. There is a big hue and cry for immediate relief, but against this demand is a fear that Federal aid will mean Federal control. And this division of opinion over aid vs. control occupied a large share of attention in Cleveland.

A Plea to Congress

Protagonists for Federal aid were led by Dean William F. Russell, of Teachers College, Columbia University, whose program called for a Federal appropriation of $50,000,000 to block the closing of 20,000 of the nation's schools by April 1. Other points forwarded to Congress for action were a plea for appropriations of $100,000,000 to help maintain schools through 1934-35, and $400,000,000 additional, to be distributed to all the States in 1934-35 in order that all schools may be adequately supported.

Federal aid for education is no new idea, Dean Russell told the teachers, for it was advocated in the days of the Confederation. Furthermore, the Government has played an increasingly greater rôle in education up to the present day. But he warned that the teachers must see to it that the kind of Federal aid is obtained that will not endanger the freedom of teaching and control in the local schools.

"The crisis in American education is extensive, serious, spreading daily into new territory and affecting increasing numbers of children," Supt. of Schools Frank W. Ballou, of Washington, D. C., told the convention. He pleaded for Federal support to aid the weaker States, asserting that "education has the first claim on the wealth of the nation."

Editorial comment favored the teachers' requests. "Without any doubt, Federal help must be extended," the Cleveland *News* said, pointing out that the road-building group has asked Congress for $1,000,000,000, while educators are asking for $500,000,000. The teachers have passed over the point of arguing over the virtue or vices of Federalized schools, said the Charlotte *Observer*, for "they know by bitter experience what State and community control of schools has involved during the lean years. They are fighting for their subsistence."

For New Economic Order

Virtually for the first time the teachers gave pronounced attention to the economic order under which they live. Particularly was this true in the meetings of the Progressive Education Association, where a large group of teachers, led by Dr. Harold Rugg, of the Lincoln School, Teachers College, Columbia University, asked the teachers to lead in the construction of a new economic and social order commensurate with the possibilities opened by the machine and power age.

Maintaining that if the existing economic system were run at its full capacity and efficiency, it could wipe out economic insecurity for every American, Doctor Rugg said education must redirect much of its present pedagogical method to prepare the younger generation for a new era of economic planning where cooperation will supplant competition. He urged a swift nation-wide campaign of adult education to support President Roosevelt in taking over and operating basic industries.

Prof. George B. Counts, also of Teachers College, Columbia University, urged a union of teachers so that individual teachers may be defended in the performance of their teaching duties. He also called on teachers "to inform the rising generation that a new society is here—that the system of private capitalism for private gain is dead." Clyde R. Miller, director of the bureau of educational service at Teachers College, made a plea for an American solution to the crisis involving a new social order based on the machine age, but he decried Communism, Fascism and other "foreign methods."

The other sensation of the Progressive Education Association meetings came when Howard K. Beale, of Washington, strongly assailed "so-called patriotic organizations, ancestor-worshipers like the Daughters of the American Revolution and military organizations like the American Legion" as the "noisiest outside pressures seeking to control the schools." He said they fight radicals in the name of ancestors "who were themselves radicals."

Editorial opinion was divided on the matter of teachers taking a stand on economics. When society undertakes to direct its own evolution or future through a deliberate molding of the minds of its future citizens, "it is assuming a colossal responsibility," said the Boston *Transcript*, urging caution and watchful waiting. But the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* said the teachers must lead, "intelligently and resourcefully, in the forward march to a better nation. It is good to see them eager for such leadership."

20,000 Find Hitler "Guilty"

By a vote of approximately 20,000 to 1, an American jury, gathered in Madison Square Garden for the mock hearing, indicted Adolf Hitler on a charge of committing a crime against civilization. The lone vote in the negative came from a blonde young woman who spoke good English with a slight German accent. She was escorted from New York's huge amphitheater under police guard. The same Teutonic guttural noticed in her voice was heard also in the tremendous shout of ayes which thundered against the mock bench erected for the absent Hitler's trial. Twenty-two speakers, representing Catholics, Jews and Protestants, the State, bar, labor, civic and social bodies, testified against the German Chancellor. None was heard in his defense. Ambassador Hans Luther, who had been invited to appear on behalf of his chief, did not reply.

The meeting lasted more than four hours, beyond midnight, and the indictment, broadcast to the nation, is perhaps the longest on record. It represents Hitler as the arch traitor against civilization, and rehearses all the allegations of treason to religion, art and letters; of racial prejudice, jingoism and lust for world supremacy, and of overt acts of persecution, cruelty and sabotage of all that made the German people great.

Bainbridge Colby, Secretary of State under President Wilson, presided as judge. In their proper places around the bench were a clerk's chair, a witness box, the usual table reserved for lawyers and assistants and seats for the press, whose representatives made a small and active army in themselves. An American flag graced the rostrum, and tri-colored bunting was draped about the base of the mock bench. The setting was complete for the greatest mock trial in history.

"The "court crier," speaking into one of the phalanx of sixteen microphones on the bench, called out the usual summons. The thousand score people rose with a great burst of applause, newsreel pointed their cameras with the floodlights directed on the rostrum, and police and detectives cast anxious eyes about for possible hecklers and trouble-makers. They had only to stop a fight between two Nazi sympathizers and two ushers and to escort from the scene the emotional young woman who blurted out a vote for the bachelor Chancellor. The witnesses were called one by one. They formed a galaxy of bright lights.

The girders of the vast palace of sports vibrated with the sound of applause which greeted Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, deep-voiced leader of Israel; former Gov. Alfred E. Smith, New York's "leading citizen"; Mayor F. H. LaGuardia and Judge Samuel Seabury, nemesis of Tammany.

The verdict, read by Dr. John Haynes Holmes, pastor of the Community Church, acting as foreman of the jury, declared that until the day arrives when Germany frees itself of Hitlerism "the German Government stands convicted of its own acts of a crime against civilization."

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Hundreds of Travel Advertisements sent tens of thousands of Digest readers traveling abroad and at home. This example of advertising success is just one of many who invested a modest sum in Digest space and received huge returns.

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When the percentages derived from this survey were applied to the total number of inquiries, it became evident that:

1. As a result of Transatlantic Steamship Lines advertising, at least 303 DIGEST readers (exclusive of families or friends) went to Europe last year — spending a total of $155,311.74 for passage.
2. These same readers were responsible for 564 additional people making the trip — whose passage amounted to $289,095.12.
3. The total result to the Transatlantic Steamship Lines amounted to *$444,806.86 worth of bookings for $6400 worth of advertising — a cost of less than 1½%.*

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1933 and now In 1934

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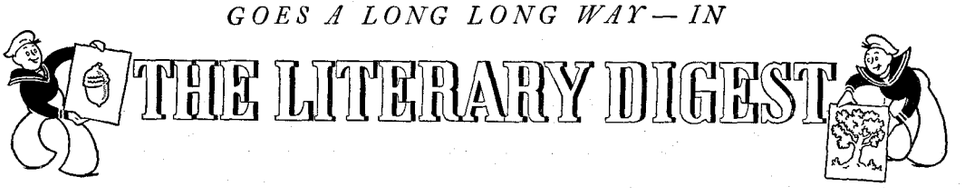

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The Week in Business Summarized

Forward Movement Continues, Despite the Uncertainty Caused by Several Factors, Including Opposition at NRA Conferences to President's Challenge to Industry

By Endicott G. Rich

NO sudden halt or abrupt change in the trend of business has followed the NRA conferences, but their effect has been to make the path of business a little more difficult. This is the consensus among expert observers.

President Roosevelt's challenge to industry "to re-employ more people at purchasing wages and to do it now" was chilling to industry, as much for what it implied as for what it demanded. The conclusion that recovery was not moving at a rate to suit the President was inevitable and it added significance to the warning of Edward A. Filene.

Filene's Warning

The capitalist, publicist and patron of social and civic research, as well as department-store owner, termed opposition to the Administration's program "suicidal" since only increased purchasing power could support business and only wage increases could produce such purchasing power.

Vigorous opposition to work-shortening was expressed, nevertheless, by representatives of industries located in many sections of the country in terms which, for frankness, equalled those of R. E. Flanders, member of the NRA Industrial Advisory Board who asserted that "as a measure of spreading work during the depression," shortening work hours had "something to be said for it; as a measure of recovery, it is not merely ineffective—it is destructive."

While criticism centered, for the most part, on the inability of many industries to operate under any additional expense, it ranged over such other topics as the difficulty in finding sufficient skilled labor to maintain operations under shorter hours, and the likelihood that further increase of operating costs would necessitate price rises which would drive the public from the market and so prove subversive of the very end shorter hours were designed to promote.

"When your only customer is a farmer who can not pay the increased prices under the code, the only answer is not more employment, but less," asserted Fred H. Clausen of Horicon, Wisconsin, who represented the Farm Equipment Code Authority.

General Johnson whose forte, in the past, has scarcely been that of a mediator and conciliator, nevertheless poured oil on the troubled waters of the conference when he gave assurance that there was no mind in the Administration to force a 10 per cent. cut in hours of labor and a 10 per cent. rise in wage rates on all industry indiscriminately.

"The President expressly said that he favored resiliency in such a rule," said the NRA Administrator, adding that everyone was aware of industries which could not adopt the plan and others which were at so low ebb that, to shorten hours, would make little difference in employment, "but we know that in many there is no excuse for not doing it."

The General's tone was friendly and in keeping with his plea for cooperation but he served notice that the NRA was prepared to enforce the penal sections of the act and exclaimed:

"Regardless of publicity, I have been too gentle. We deliberately delayed action because of misunderstandings, but if I may lapse into the vernacular—'You ain't seen nothing yet.'"

As a result business may be said to have become reconciled to what it regards as the inevitable. It has no doubt that hours will be shortened and wage rates increased over as broad a field as the NRA can accomplish. Its immediate care is to adjust itself to this situation. In part compensation it hopes that relations with labor may become easier.

Labor disputes had a sharp rise in the summer of 1933, after the inauguration of the NRA, but were reduced in the last quarter of the year, only to show a tendency now to increase again. Threats of trouble in the automobile industry have been especially alarming because it is recognized that a general tie-up of this great industry would have far-reaching effects.

Roger W. Babson expressed the general view of business when he wrote recently that labor should recognize what had been done in its behalf and, accordingly, practise cooperation rather than coercion. Mr. Babson called attention to the fact that, at the beginning of the depression living costs had fallen before wage rates were touched and, now at the close of the depression, wage rates have been rising without a corresponding increase in living costs.

Revision of the NRA has been only one among sources of anxiety to business in the last fortnight. Any inclination it might have had, at the outset, to regard the troubles of the stock exchanges as peculiarly a Wall Street concern, was abruptly ended by the recent assertion of John Dickinson that the Fletcher-Rayburn measure to regulate security exchanges would have deflationary effects "diametrically opposed to President Roosevelt's policy of maintaining values."

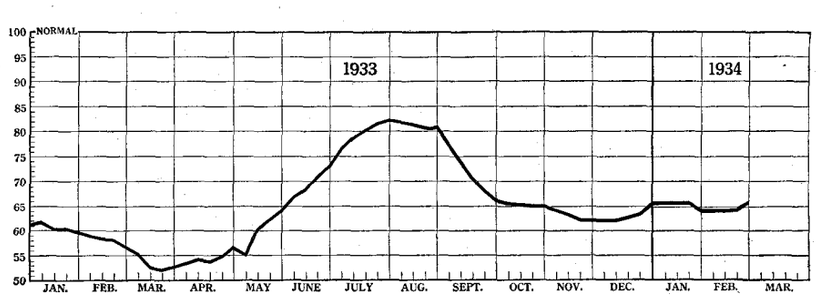
Significant Statement

The realization that Mr. Dickinson is not only Assistant Secretary of Commerce but was also Chairman of Mr. Roosevelt's interdepartmental committee that drafted a report favoring Federal control of security exchanges, added significance to his strictures on the drastic provisions of the bill.

Another of the President's official family who left a distinct mark on business sentiment was Henry A. Wallace, Secretary of Agriculture, and author of the recent pamphlet, "America Must Choose," which has occasioned wide-spread discussion. Mr. Wallace spoke at a symposium on national destiny under the auspices of the Commission of Inquiry on National Policy in International Relations which has the approval of President Roosevelt, and warned that "warring class interests" might drive the United States to "genuinely uncontrolled inflation" unless the nation adopted a definite plan of economic development.

"At the present time, we are purely savage in our approach (to a national plan) and the *laissez faire* economists have endeavored to further that savagery rather than diminish it," said Mr. Wallace.

Current statistics indicate that despite the uncertainty of the last week, business has continued its forward movement. The latest index number of The Literary Digest's curve of The Course of Business brings the line from 64.6 per cent. of normal to 66.1, a gain of almost 2½ per cent. Substantial increases in railroad carloadings, electric power consumption, and steel production contributed in the main to this rise.



The Course of Business

This graph is a composite of several well-known indices of business activity. The curve has been corrected for secular trend and for seasonal fluctuations. In terms of percentage deviation from normal it records the actual course of business by weekly intervals throughout 1933 to the end of the fourth week in February, 1934.

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The Panama Republic's Demand for Gold

Tho This Case Is Called a Weak One, It Is Believed a Forerunner of Further Challenges of Our Currency Policy

Dramatic possibilities are seen in the demand of the Republic of Panama to be paid her annuity in dollars of the old gold content. Perhaps the little republic might take back the canal or, perhaps, since the new dollar is worth only 59 per cent. of the old one in terms of gold they might let us use only half of the canal. But seriously speaking, correspondents find our State Department bothered by this new demand, which involves the whole question of obligations under the old currency. Article XIV of the Panama Canal Treaty, dated 1904, binds our Government to pay the lump sum of $10,000,000 in gold coin of the United States, and also an annual payment of $250,000, beginning nine years later, "in like gold coin." The Government of Panama now reflects that "like gold coin" means coin on the 1904 basis.

So when our Government sent its $250,000 check a few days ago, Panama refused to accept it. It wants to be paid in the actual gold or in currency to the amount necessary to make up the difference between the old and the new value of the dollar. We have other obligations abroad, but it is said that none of them involves an actual promise to pay in gold coin as of a certain year.

To accede to Panama's demands would be giving another country better treatment than that given to our own citizens who have to accept the new law whether they like it or not. A number of conservative newspapers are inclined to chuckle over what they consider to be the predicament of the Government, in view of the necessity of retaining our prestige in Latin America, and of the possibility of Panama's appealing to international arbitration.

But the other side of this is that Panama has not exactly a perfect case. For instance, financial writers point out that the Government of the Republic may have compromised its position by its unquestioned acceptance of government checks in past years. Then there is the more interesting complication that Panama owes investors in the United States sums that are long past due. Panama has floated two loans in this country. On one of them payments have been kept up. But there is an $11,000,000 issue of 1928 due in 1963 and widely held here on which interest payments are about 66 per cent. in default.

Panama makes all her payments, incidentally, in paper currency, and not in gold. Furthermore, as the New York *Journal of Commerce* explains it, she can not claim any actual loss by reason of the abrogation of the gold clause. "The $250,000 paid by the United States to Panama is not paid directly to the Republic, but rather to a fiscal agent in New York, who in turn applies these funds, together with the income from the Constitutional Fund, to the service of the Republic's two dollar bond issues outstanding in this country."

To complete the record it might be noted that representatives of Panama have said that if our Government would meet Panama's demand and pay an extra sum in dollars to make up for the devaluation, those dollars would be applied to interest payments. But the weakness of the Panama case, as *The Journal of Commerce* sees it, lies here:

"The actual sufferers in this case are not the Republic of Panama, but rather the American holders of the Republic of Panama bonds. For this reason, it seems doubtful that the Panama Government will bring the controversy over the gold clause before an international tribunal, and hence no final decision may be seen in this case. Sooner or later, however, European holders of American gold obligations will contest our abrogation of the gold clause as far as it affects foreign holders, and only then will it be possible to render a final decision."

Money Policy Still Experiment

When Secretary of the Treasury Morgenthau told the House Banking Committee the other day that the Administration did not want any permanent monetary legislation just now because it is still operating on a "day-to-day" basis, he won golden opinions for his frankness. But there were headshakings over a government that still didn't know its own mind, balanced by relief at the prospect of a surcease of Congressional tinkering.

Secretary Morgenthau, opposing the Goldsborough Bill which would set up a new Federal monetary authority, stated his position in these words:

"I hope that Congress will give us at least nine months or a year so that we can find out a little more about the situation. As far as I am concerned, we are on a day-to-day basis. As far as I know, no man can tell us where we will be six months from now or a year from now. I hope we are going to continue to be successful, but no one knows. We have been on this monetary program for only two months."

The Secretary of the Treasury made out "a good case against churning up the monetary waters anew so promptly after the churning which they have just received," so it seems to the Norfolk *Virginian-Pilot.*

From the other angle, Mr. Morgenthau leaves the impression with the New York *Times* that the Government is carrying on a momentous experiment without making scientific tests or regular check ups, that its sole justification was that "something had to be done," and so it boldly went to work with its experiment without any accurate knowledge as to how it would turn out. And the Philadelphia *Inquirer* pictures the business man saying to himself: "If the Government does not know what the money policy is going to be six months from now, how am I going to plan ahead?"

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"United Empire of America" Is Proposed

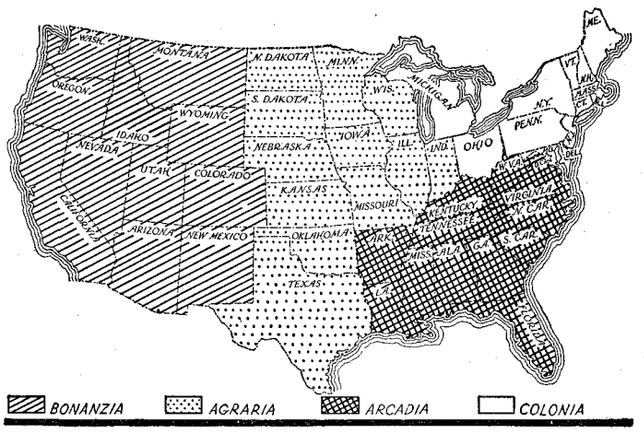
Writer Who Sees the Country as Four Nations, Which He Would Call "Colonia," "Arcadia," "Agraria," and "Bonanzia," Outlines a Novel Idea for New Governmental System

By Eric Hatch

BRAVE men in the White House have grown gray and sick from the worry of trying to achieve the impossible—of trying to govern a vast empire composed of four great nations with the obsolete, creaky machinery of a Government that was fashioned a century and a half ago to run one very new, very small, very closely-knit nation.

There are in the United Empire of America, four nations. Whether you admit it to yourselves or not, they are incontrovertibly there. I quote from the World Almanac: "The general topography of Continental United States is so varied, and the climate, natural resources and racial elements also, that the country may be said to be several countries articulated in one national body."

In the east there is *Colonia:* Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware and Maryland. Because of industrial affiliations and climatic similarity, the boundaries of *Colonia* stretch out, like a forked tongue, to include Ohio and Michigan.



The "United Empire of America"

Separate Nations

To the south of *Colonia* stretches the great nation of *Arcadia,* comprising Virginia, West Virginia, Kentucky, the Carolinas, Georgia, Florida, Louisiana, Tennessee, Alabama, Arkansas and Mississippi. The Solid South. In spite of their allegiance to the federation they have always been a separate nation. The Arcadians are totally different from the Colonians—their climate—their ancestry—their language—their points of view are all different.

Now, north and west of *Arcadia* we find the waving grain fields and vast prairies of *Agraria:* Kansas, Texas, Oklahoma, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Nebraska, Indiana, Illinois and the Dakotas. Farm States, these—the granaries of a good part of the civilized world. Farm States with farm problems. Farmers don't like hard-shelled Maine fishermen and stormy Louisiana petrels or Kentucky colonels making laws for them to obey.

All of us have known for years that *Bonanzia* is made up of California, Idaho, Nevada, Washington, Oregon, Colorado, Wyoming, Utah, Montana, Arizona and New Mexico. It is, sizably, a tremendous nation.

In the White House we have the man now known as the President of the United States. He becomes Regent of the Empire.

The Regent has about him his Cabinet, but the Cabinet is no longer of his own appointing. It is composed of ambassadors of the four nations appointed by unanimous election in their national congresses. The Regent himself is chosen in secret ballot by the Supreme Court of the Empire (which remains as is) from four candidates elected by a two-thirds majority vote of the entire citizenry of their several nations. The Regent has absolute power of veto on any question involving the Empire's relations with foreign countries. He has absolute power to act positively either on foreign relations or in questions involving inter-Empire relationships only when his stand is supported by a two-thirds majority vote of the Supreme Court cast in open ballot.

Further, directly under the Regent, is the War Department, composed of the following:

From each nation: (By Congressional election.)

A General of its National Guard.

A recognized financier.

A taxpayer assayed as worth at least $50,000. (Taxpayers are the men who pay for wars.)

The Ambassador in the Regent's Cabinet.

From the Military Staff of the Empire:

A General of the Empire.

An Admiral of the Empire.

The Master of the Empire Treasury.

The Regent—who, as now, is Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy.

The Federal Army and Navy are operated as they are to-day. Federal taxes are the same as to-day, excepting that taxation will be reduced somewhat to allow the separate nations leeway to levy for their national treasuries. The abolition of the bodies now known as the House of Representatives and Senate, with their appalling cost, and the abolition of a million and one bureaus, etc., will allow the revenue from such taxes to provide a far more adequate army, navy and air service than is now possible. Each nation will maintain its National Guard, the Federal Armies, Navy and Coast Guard to be maintained exclusively for Defense of the Realm, and, in the case of the Coast Guard, for prohibition of contraband and for the collecting duties due the Empire.

Next is the Department of Finance, composed of:

The Master of the Empire Treasury.

The Ambassadors in the Regent's Cabinet.

The Financier members of the War Department.

In regard to the Empire's finance program, the dollar remains the standard of currency, and the Empire returns to the gold standard. Each nation may, however, issue its own paper currency against various forms of security such as gold, hogs, grain, steel, etc., the value of which paper in Empire currency, or dollars, is automatically set by the value in Empire dollars of the security. The amount of such national currency legally issuable to be decided by the Regent and the Supreme Court, by for-and-against ballot—the Regent's vote to count three as against the Justice's one.

The Post Office Department remains as is.

The Department of Justice shall become a military organization directly under the absolute command of the Regent.

The Department of Internal Revenue shall be a subsidiary of the Department of Finance.

The number of employees, assistant secretaries, etc., allotted to each department of Empire Government shall be determined by the Department of Finance.

Departments of War

The Navy Department will be headed by the senior Admiral in the service and will be staffed as the Department of Finance, acting in concert with the Regent and the War Department, shall deem necessary.

The Army Department will be headed by the senior General and will operate under the same conditions as the Navy Department.

The nations—*Colonia, Arcadia, Agraria* and *Bonanzia*—will take the Constitution of the United States of America and, in general form, adopt this constitution as the constitution of their nation.

Each nation will have its capitol. Each nation its House of Representatives and its Senate. Each nation will make its own laws for its own people. No nation can possibly make war upon a fellow nation because together they maintain the Army and Navy for the Defense of the Realm. Under this plan each nation should prosper according to its worth and the mistakes of one group of people need not necessarily bow down another.

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From Our Readers to Our Readers

An Attack on *The Digest* and the New Deal

To the Editor of The Literary Digest—Sir:—Recently you have changed your attitude by printing special articles about the foreign, alien, un-American Administration, and I will also say un-Constitutional Democratic Administration now in power. On the cover of your March 3 issue you have printed a picture which shows the same servile, subservient attitude as you take in the written part of your magazine. This picture shows Uncle Sam, and that means the American people, holding a copy of the so-called New Deal (whatever that may be) and approvingly looking toward the White House. As a true American, I resent this. It is not true.

EDWARD C. A. OLSON.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

Liquor—Two Views

To the Editor of The Literary Digest—Sir:—Wish you'd get that liquor law repealed. We had better stuff at less cost under prohibition.

JIM MONTGOMERY.

Reno, Nev.

To the Editor of The Literary Digest—Sir:—Following the legalization of liquor and the return of the saloon (properly termed the "poor man's club," since it keeps its patrons in perpetual poverty) in increasing numbers, the American public is privileged to observe again the liquor dealer's finished product—staggering, foul-speaking and similarly smelling humanity—on the moral toboggan.

C. A. EDWARDS.

Jamestown, N. D.

The Toonerville Trolley

To the Editor of The Literary Digest—Sir:—May I call your attention to your issue of February 24, 1934, page 13, boxed article, "Comics—and Their Creators"?

It contains the following: "Fontaine Fox, famous as the creator of the Toonerville Trolley . . . . was born in Louisville, Kentucky, on June 4, 1884. It was on a belt line in that city that he discovered the original of the car which to-day the skipper pilots in more than 250 newspapers. . . . "

Perhaps you have not given sufficient credit for the beginning of the Toonerville Trolley, because I have in my office a framed letter signed by the general passenger agent of the Toonerville Electric Railroad Company which reads in part as follows:

"The trolley in Pelham was my direct inspiration to start an imaginary trolley line of my own. Years before, I had poked some cartoon fun at a real trolley line in my home town of Louisville, Kentucky. Here and there, I ran across a funny trolley line in various parts of the country, but something or other in connection with my first ride on your Pelham line gave me the urge to start the Toonerville Trolley at once. In fact the first Toonerville Trolley cartoon drawn was made late that night."

Pelham is particularly proud of its "Toonerville Trolley" and resents the many published statements of claims from other communities. The old car up here has lived up to its reputation and scarcely a week goes by in which it fails to provide us an amusing situation, some of them much more ludicrous than the cartoonist has imagined.

Watch out! Toonerville sleuths are on the lookout for claims of impostors. We sic Mickey (Himself) McGuire on them.

ED. BROWNE.
Editor, The Pelham *Sun*.

Pelham, N. Y.

Radio Applause

To the Editor of The Literary Digest—Sir:—You have repeal, the elections of Roosevelt and LaGuardia chalked up to your credit. Since then you made an eloquent gesture toward radio reform. In this latest straw vote we balloted vigorously against crooners and painfully long drawn-out advertising.

But since the campaign closed another unsuspected allied evil has developed, i.e., studio or broadcasting-room applause. This is more obnoxious and demoralizing than the features above listed as objectionable. Why can not these "artists" let radio listeners do the applauding? Or shall we take another vote upon the matter?

P. A. TARDY.

Bryan, Texas.

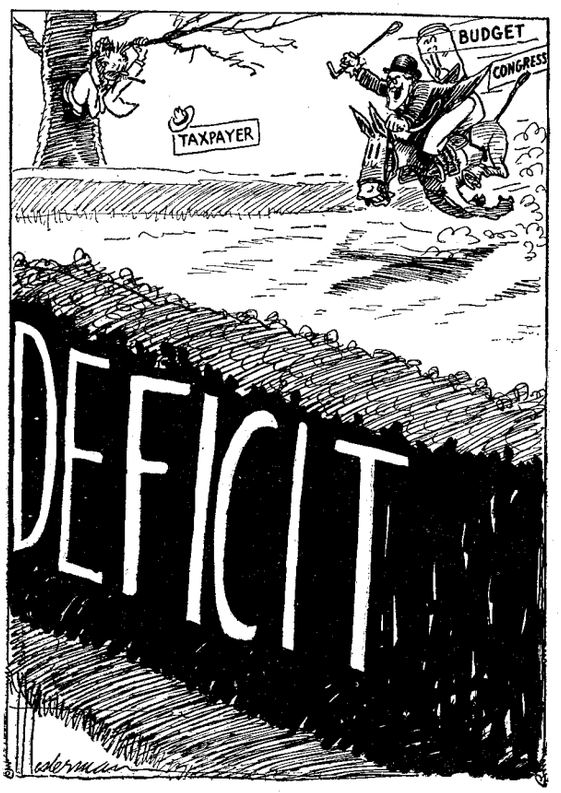
The Debate Over Ether

To the Editor of The Literary Digest—Sir:—In your issue of February 24, 1934, page 50, I notice a letter from Benjamin Daniels (D.M.D.), in which he says that it was a dentist who "invented" ether. It is bad enough when New England dentists claim, as they do, that ether was first used in Boston by Morton, tho history proves conclusively that it was first used by Dr. Crawford W. Long, of Georgia, as early as 1842, but when it comes to claiming the invention of ether, the height of absurdity is reached.

Ether was made in the thirteenth century, and Basil Valentine and Valerius Cordus in 1540 described its properties and preparation tho its composition was not known. We owe this to Williamson, of London, in 1850, to whom the clearing up of the matter is generally credited, with no disparagement to others, including a very prominent Frenchman who worked on the matter. The great point, however, that I make, is the absurdity of claiming that a dentist "invented" it.

MAZÝCK P. RAVENEL, M.D.
University of Missouri.

Columbia, Mo.



The First Big Hurdle

—Westerman in *The Ohio State Journal*

Resigning Citizenship

To the Editor of The Literary Digest—Sir:—In case of war, could a conscientious objector divest himself of citizenship by sending a letter of resignation to the Secretary of State?

New York City. GEORGE W. LEE.

A Defense of Nudism

To the Editor of The Literary Digest—Sir:—"To be or not to be—that is the question"; the immediate problem of the sun-bather to-day and one of considerable importance, judging by the space generously allotted to it in your valuable columns, and other publications of equally impeccable character.

Further proof of its worth-while importance is shown by the avid hilarity with which the rabid Devotees of Conventionality set to work to maul it.

Styles in persecution change, but the spirit never. It is our same old gory-handed tyrant—Intolerance—who threw the Christians to the lions of ancient Rome, who clapped the inventive genius in old-time jails as a servant of Satan, who called Columbus a fool for thinking the earth was round, who put some harmless, old woman to the stake when some child died of green-apple colic, who laughed at Marconi's dreams and called Curtiss a nut for thinking the thing would fly, and who but yesterday, it seems, arrested a woman that dared appear on Manhattan bathing beach without stockings.

Think of it! Arrest for going in swimming with bare ankles!

The present wail against nude bathing is but a far, dim echo. Having swallowed the camel, why choke on the tail?

We have come far more than half way along the trail to decent common-sense from those old bunglesome bathing togs to the few remaining scant inches: the fast-fading banner of sex-consciousness, whose chief purpose is to emphasize what it is supposed to conceal, and to proclaim to the world our shame that God made us as we are.

Great good has come, too, not merely in point of health, both mental and physical, but in this also: that the girl of to-day who can not swim well enough to help herself in an emergency is as rare as the one then was who could.

The healing power of fresh air and sunshine on the naked body is too well established for even the bigot to deny. How are we who do not own one, and never can, going to "crash" some other fellow's sun-roof or back-yard corral? What other way under the shining heavens is there for the millions of us to claim this poor man's right in equal share with the rich, except in the misnamed and much maligned nudist colony, camp, club—or what have you?

The testimony of numerous scientists, doctors, clergymen and investigators, men and women of irreproachable character and position, overwhelmingly disclaims any charge of immorality against these institutions of the nude.

Then may God speed the day when we Americans shall become healthy-minded enough to rid ourselves of this nasty sex-complex and enjoy our swim, and our sun-bath on the warm sands, in blessed freedom, as Nature prompts and as many of the old-world nations do, naked and unafraid, without thought of guilt or shame. Then our right to enjoy the blessing of fresh air and sunshine in the building of sound bodies and clean minds, in such manner as we deem fit, whether in blanket or bare skin, none may deny.

T. E. B. HENRY.

Hope, Idaho.

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The Spice of Life

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

So Incredibly Inevitable.—"Mrs. Upson's house is exactly what you'd expect."

"My dear, it would be, wouldn't it?"—*Boston Transcript.*

Cashing in on a Correspondence Course.—My friend laughed when I spoke to the waiter in French, but the laugh was on him. I told the waiter to give him the check.—*Awgwan.*

That Silver Lining.—LILY—"So yo' done mortgaged our li'l home."

MOSE — "Jes' temp'rarily, honey, 'till de mortgage am foreclosed."—*Montreal Star.*

Might Balance the Budget.—BOSS—"Look here, you've entered this debit item under credit."

NEW CLERK—"Sorry, sir; you see I'm left-handed."—*Kasper (Stockholm).*

Historic Memento. — PROFESSOR (at table)—"James the First introduced the turkey into this country."

HOST (trying to carve)—"And this must be the beggar he introduced." — *Sheffield Telegraph.*

Quotation Lost in the Shuffle.—A resident of Ontario, while looking up a quotation from Shakespeare, found a $5 bill in a Bible where it had lain 20 years.—*Detroit News.*

Heirloom With a Kick.—"My most cherished possession is a walking-stick that has descended from father to son during the last three hundred years."—Daily paper.

In each case of course, it hurt the father more than the son.—*Washington Labor.*

"From," Not "To."—IRATE CALLER—"You spoiled my article by a misprint."

EDITOR—"I'm very sorry. What did we get wrong?"

CALLER—"A proverb I employed. You printed it, 'A word to the wife is sufficient.' "—*Boston Transcript.*

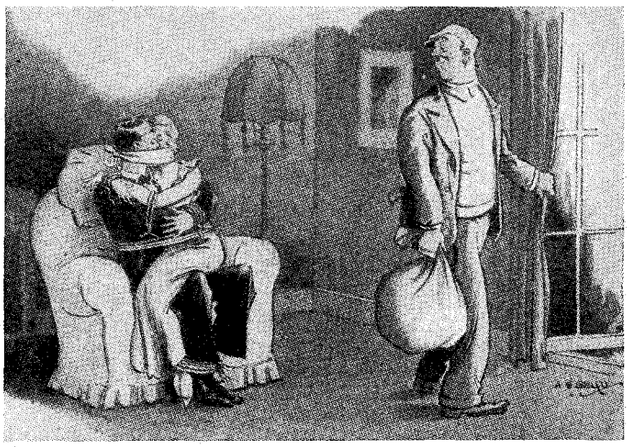
Down to Hard Pan.—It is reported that one of the fastidious newly married ladies of this town kneads bread with her gloves on. This incident may be somewhat peculiar, but there are others. The editor of this paper needs bread with his shoes on, he needs bread with his pants on, and unless some of the delinquent subscribers to this "Old Rag of Freedom" pony up before long he will need bread without a damn thing on, and Wisconsin is no Garden of Eden in the winter time.—*Mills Messenger.*

Growls of Recognition.—While on the bench one day Judge Daniel called a case for trial, and two lawyers appeared as attorneys for the litigants.

"You're a dirty shyster," snarled one of the lawyers to the other, "and before this case is through I'll show you up for the crooked ape that you are."

"Sez you," snapped the other. "You are a cheat and a liar."

"Come, come," broke in the judge. "Let the case proceed now that the learned counsel have identified each other."—*San Diego Union.*



"There! It would have been easier to tie you up separately, but I was young myself once!"

—*The Humorist* (London)

Linguistic Confab.—HE—"I understand your kisses speak the language of love."

SHE—"Yes?"

HE—"Well, let's talk things over."—*Lyre.*

Imagines He's Clark Gable.—MOTHER—"Louise, your hair is all mussed up. Did that young man kiss you against your will?"

LOUISE—"He thinks he did, mother."—*Passing Show.*

Mind the Ceiling.—"Oh, John, the baby has swallowed the yeast."

"Umph, you were always predicting he was bound to rise."—*Phil H. Armstrong in the Florida Times-Union.*

Barnum Died Too Soon.—CIRCUS MANAGER—"Well, what's wrong now?"

INDIA-RUBBER MAN—"Every time the Strong Man writes a letter he uses me to rub out his mistakes."—*Boston Transcript.*

Blessed Are the Meek.—"Here's one name on the committee that I never heard of."

"Oh, that's probably the person who actually does the work."—*Trappers Magazine.*

Costly Delusion.—"My wife had a dream last night and thought she was married to a millionaire."

"You're lucky! My wife thinks that in the daytime."—*Pearson's Weekly.*

One-Arm Driving Barred.—"I wonder why there are so many more auto wrecks than railway accidents?"

"That's easy. Did you ever hear of the fireman hugging the engineer?"—*Washington Labor.*

Them's Fighting Words.—In a message to America, Ernest Hanfstaengl, chief of the Nazi foreign press section, likened President Roosevelt to Adolf Hitler.

—Hey, buddy, smile when you say that!!—*Lem W. Houston in the Fredericksburg (Va.) Free Lance-Star.*

Slips That Pass in the Night

Squeezing the Essence Out of "Essential."—4 Men Over 40—Neat, energetic, sales experience essential, but not necessary.—*Youngstown (Ohio) paper.*

Add Economic Recovery.—
Barter and Exchange
Will trade monument for good used car.
—*Norfolk (Va.) paper.*

Why Printers Repine.—Morning, "Intimations of Immorality"; night, "Enduring Enthusiasm."—*Church ad in an Oklahoma paper.*

"Wider Please" for Beauty Secrets.—
BARE FEET AND
TINTED TONSILS
LATEST WITH SANDALS
—*Holyoke (Mass.) paper.*

Cause for Bitter Tears.—American creditors now can get only about 65 per cent. of the interest payments from their German debtors. We are weeping in close touch with our embassy in Germany.—*New Orleans paper.*

Mass Production Applied to "It."—
FOR REAL GLAMOR WEAR
AN ORCHARD IN YOUR HAIR
—*Wilmington (Del.) paper.*

One That Darwin Missed.—"We are going to get that man if I have to put eight officers on his tail," declared Detective Captain Bruce Poole, Monday.—*Raleigh (N. C.) paper.*

Face That Launched a Thousand Ships?—Spread of flames was prevented when a woman's glance out of a window brought fire-fighting equipment from the headquarters station.—*Greenville (S. C.) paper.*

Pull Up Your Chair.—
LUNCH WITH US
A complete lunch SERVICE
Try our PLATE Lunch—
Vaccine virus
Tetanus and Diphtheria
Antitoxins
PROPERLY REFRIGERATED
Prescription Druggist
—*Arizona college magazine.*

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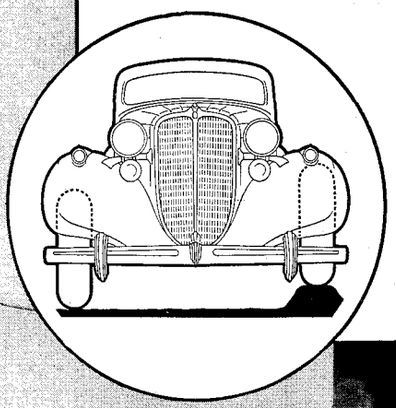
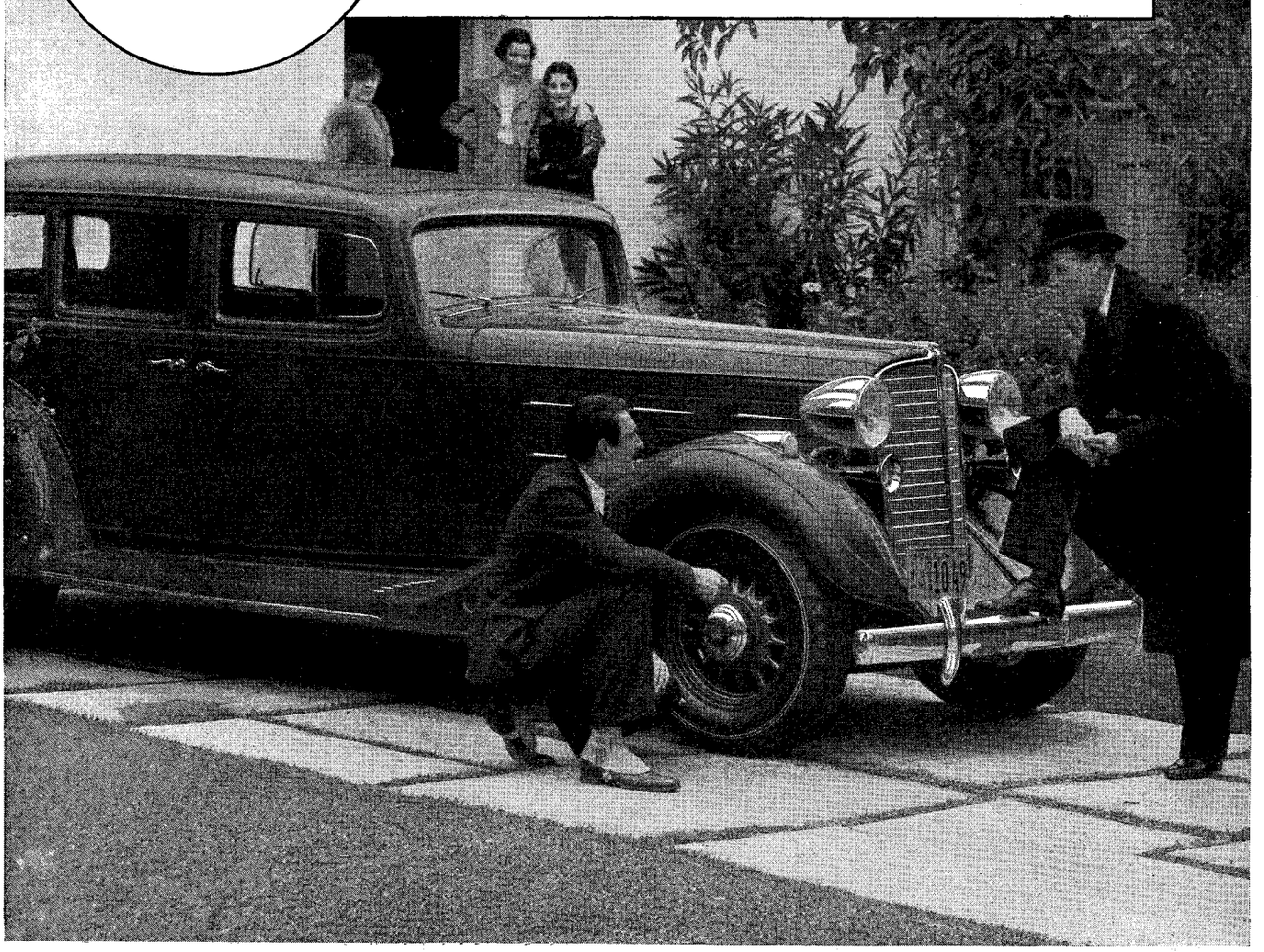
LATEST *and* SIMPLEST
in front wheel suspension!

★ ★ Of course, Nash has individual front wheel suspension . . . and in the most simplified, dependable form . . . *without sacrificing the strength of a front axle.* And Nash leaves it entirely to the buyer to choose whether or not he needs, or wants, individual front wheel suspension—for Nash makes it *optional* at slight extra cost.

In every phase of up-to-date engineering, refreshing style, unusual luxury and comfort—the 1934 Nash stands right out in front in any comparison.

On the road, in brilliant action, a 1934 Nash quickly clinches its place in everybody's heart. With the unmatched power thrill of a Twin Ignition valve-in-head motor, Nash makes motoring a sport again! One drive turns interest into enthusiasm. Learn about motor car progress from Nash. All Nash dealers will gladly arrange a demonstration.





1934 TWIN IGNITION VALVE-IN-HEAD NASH

BIG SIX
116-inch Wheelbase . . . . . 88 Horsepower . . . . . $775 to $865

ADVANCED EIGHT
121-inch Wheelbase . . . . . 100 Horsepower . . . . . $1065 to $1145

AMBASSADOR EIGHT
133-inch Wheelbase . . . . . 125 Horsepower . . . . . $1575 to $1625

AMBASSADOR EIGHT
142-inch Wheelbase . . . . . 125 Horsepower . . . . . $1820 to $2055

New Nash-Built LaFayette, the Fine Car of the Low Price Field, $635 to $695

(All Prices f. o. b. Factory—Special Equipment Extra—All Prices Subject to Change Without Notice)

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